YANK

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By the men . . . for the men in the service

TWO PROPS AND A JET

The American Jet Plane and What Makes It Fly

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PAGES 2, 3 & 4

Seen from the rear, the Airacomet looks as if it is trying to stand on its nose, because of the ship's low-strutted landing gear and its high, upswept tail, safe from the jet exhaust.

This propellerless j though still a subj for whispers, has be out of the lab mar months, carrying o flying men higher an faster than they hav ever flown before.

By Sgt. GEORG N. MEYERS
YANK Staff Writer

NIAGARA FALLS, N. Y.—The first time you see a jet-propelled plane in the air, it's like seeing a man walking down the street with no head. It's the propellers that do it. They aren't there.

Instead, you see a sweet twin-engined fighter job that looks like a cross between the P-63 Kingcobra and the A-20 Havoc, only where the props ought to be are a couple of dark openings, like portholes. Under the wings, hanging like jowls from the fuselage, the engine nacelles taper to an open nozzle. This is the jet, the dingus that is making airplanes fly faster and higher than anybody ever flew before.

After your first surprise, this plane is impressive but not spectacular to watch in flight. It doesn't look like something that tumbled out of Mars, as a lot of us might have expected; it looks like it came right off an airframe assembly line. On the basis of performance by conventional aircraft, however, the JP *is* spectacular. Army and Navy pilots who have flown it lick their lips and tremble with hankering to fly the JP.

The JP isn't a laboratory gimcrack anymore. In fact, the "X"—meaning Experimental Model—has already been chopped off the designation of Bell Aircraft Corporation's XP-59 Airacomet, which I came here to see.

On the ground, the P-59, which is a fighter-trainer, seems to be trying to stand on its nose. That's because the absence of propellers lets it squat so low, plus the fact that, from the trailing edge of the wings, the fuselage angles high into an upswept tail-do. The tail assembly has to be higher than the path of the jet exhaust to keep it from catching fire.

The P-59's laminar-flow type wings have a span about three feet less than the P-38's. Just off the assembly line, the ship weighs a little over five tons.

For months the Airacomet was test-hopped at an unrevealed field in the Muroc dry-lakes section of eastern California, the same place I used to go Sundays years ago to watch high-school speed demons race against each other in hopped-up Fords and Chevies. Since the recent disclosure that the British have flown a type of jet-propelled fighter against the robot bombs and that the U. S. was "experimenting" with JP, people around Buffalo and Niagara Falls have seen the P-59 in the air regularly, usually with Alvin M. (Tex) Johnston at the controls.

Johnston is an Emporia (Kans.) boy whose 14 years of flying include 2½ years as an Army instructor at Hicks and Curtis fields in Texas and nine months in the old Ferry Command. He is now Bell Aircraft's assistant chief test pilot and a champion of jet propulsion for fighter planes.

"Jet propulsion is the answer to high-velocity, high-altitude requirements," says Johnston, and the history of aerial dogfighting shows that the plane that flies the highest and fastest is usually the one that returns to fight again.

His hours in the P-59's cockpit have convinced Johnston that the jet plane is easier to fly than any other hot fighter. There are fewer engine controls and instruments. You have three things to manipulate: the stick and the throttle with your hands, the rudder pedals with your feet.

"The first thing you notice," says Johnston, "is the lack of vibration." The thermal jet-propulsion engine has no reciprocating parts. Its total power comes from high-speed rotation of two fanlike wheels on a single shaft. "We have to put rattlers on the instruments to make sure they're working. The lack of vibration makes pilot fatigue less of a danger than in conventional ships."

There are only a few tricks to learn, and a few flying habits to unlearn, for any good pilot to master the whole business of handling the "squirt" from take-off to landing.

"The jet job requires no warm-up," Johnston says. "You give 'er the starter and in 30 seconds she's ready to fly. That means a lot, both tactically and to the pilot himself. You can get off the ground or a carrier in a hurry in case enemy planes are sighted. Also, you don't have to fiddle around with oil pressure, manifold pressure and the other conventional pre-flight worries.

"You rev up the units (the jet engines) to check maximum rpm, and you're ready to taxi. Taxiing is a little tricky at first because you don't have any propeller blast to work on the tail and rudder controls. You have to do all your ground steering with the brakes. You can't blast the tail around for a sharp turn while you're standing still, but once you've got a little forward movement, you can make fairly sharp ground turns by depressing one brake and gunning the opposite unit.

"Take-off is just like any other tricycle plane and a little slower than some of our fastest fighters. Soon as you're off the ground, you flip the landing-gear switch to the 'up' position. That's when you start thinking you've forgotten something, because in an ordinary ship you'd have to decrease the propeller pitch for normal climb and cut the fuel mixture from the full-on you use for take-off. In the jet, you don't have anything to do. Just fly.

"In the air the P-59 is a honey. Low wing-loading and the lack of drag on a propeller make the ship extremely maneuverable at high speed. You have to use only slight stick pressure to put her through loops, rolls, snap rolls, Immelmanns and chandelles. Since there's nothing out there batting at the air, you don't have to fight torque, even at low speeds. These same characteristics give the ship a flat glide angle that lets you coast about three times as far as in an ordinary pursuit plane.

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HOW A JET-PROPULS

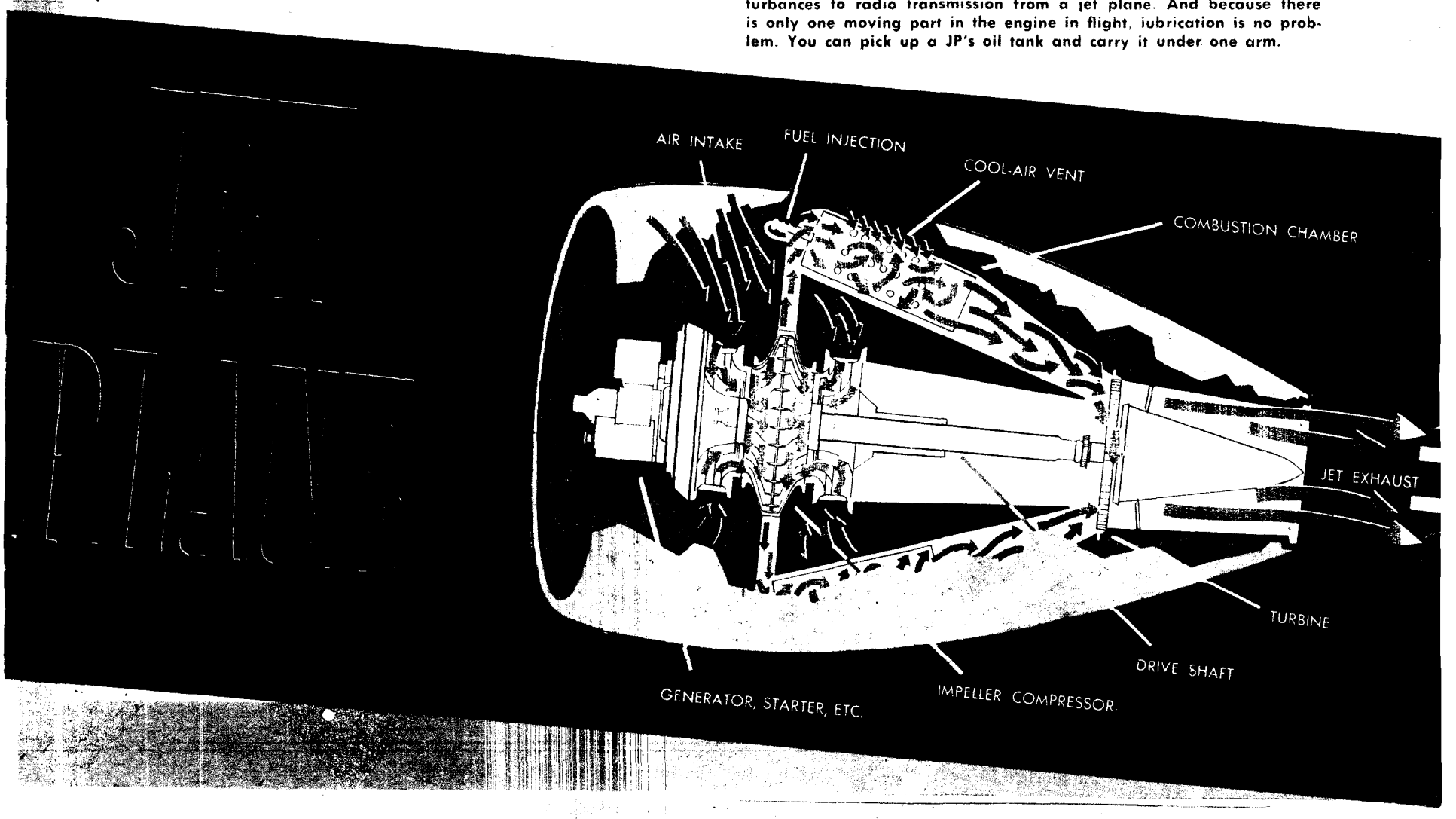
Jet-propulsion is a process of taking in cool air, compressing and heating it, then ejecting it at high velocity. In the engine shown here air is scooped in through a pair of ducts. The rush of air in flight is enough to push it through guide vanes onto the fan blades of a compressor, called an impeller wheel. By centrifugal force, the whirling blades compress the air and throw it into a combustion chamber at an increased temperature. The chamber has two cells. The inner cell receives fuel from a nozzle like that in an oil-burning furnace. The outer cell is like a sleeve around the smaller chamber, and there are small holes permitting the air to pass from the outer to the inner cell. These are necessary because the air reaches temperatures of more than 2,500 degrees F. in the combustion chamber—too hot for the metal of a rotating part. Air seeping through the small cylinder brings the temperature down to where it can be handled as it passes at high velocity to the blades of a turbine wheel, then out through a conical jet to give the plane its propulsive thrust.

Although the air passes first through the compressor wheel, it is actually the turbine, attached to the same shaft, that provides the operating force of the engine. The hot expanding air hits the turbine blades so hard that it turns the shaft making the compressor revolve so rapidly that it is continuously sucking in new air.

Since the turbine cannot start without air from the combustion chamber, it is obvious that some starting mechanism is needed. A small electric motor powered by a 24-volt battery is used. It is geared to the single shaft and turns it over so fast that within 15 seconds the engine is self-operative. An over-running clutch automatically disengages the starter when the engine has reached operating speed, and you can turn off the starting motor and ignition system.

Only one spark plug is necessary, even though an engine may have a dozen or more combustion chambers surrounding the shaft in radial pattern. Each chamber is connected to all others by a slim lead-in, so that it is like lighting an oven in a gas stove—you light the front burners, and the flame spreads back of its own accord. Actually most jet engines will have at least two spark plugs, purely as a safety factor in case one misses fire.

Since there is no continuous ignition, there are no electrical disturbances to radio transmission from a jet plane. And because there is only one moving part in the engine in flight, lubrication is no problem. You can pick up a JP's oil tank and carry it under one arm.



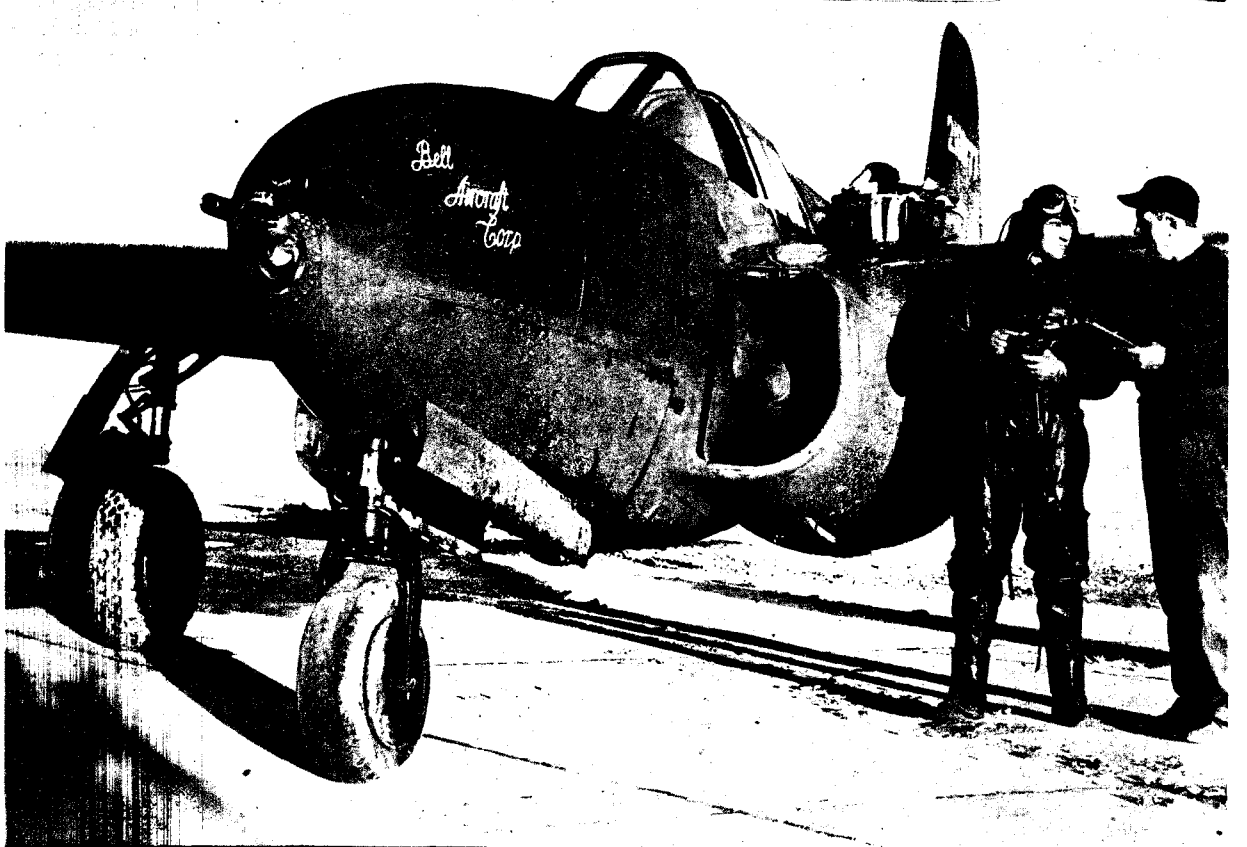
Matter of fact, the 59 has such a long glide that most pilots overshoot on their first landing.

"The jet job has good stall characteristics. You get plenty of warning. She shudders, then falls off straight ahead without yawing off into a spin. And when you do want to spin, she handles like a baby buggy. I've pulled the P-59 out of a five-turn spin in three quarters of a turn. On accelerated turns you've got to watch your step, because when you're hitting anything over 400 mph you climb to four Gs (four times the pull of gravity at sea level) in a hurry. You can only take that a few seconds before you black out."

ALTHOUGH enemy jet planes are reported to have flown faster than 500 mph, the top speed and ceiling of the P-59 are still not revealed. Engineers admit that the jet engines do not reach operating efficiency under 400 mph, and Johnston himself has soared past the old pre-war U. S. altitude record of 43,166 feet. How far past, he is not permitted to say.

"Even though the cabin is pressurized for 'altitude' (above 20,000 feet)," he says, "you take along your oxygen mask. When you're at 40,000 feet (real altitude) your cabin altimeter will read about 20,000 feet—8,000 feet above the point where you should start taking oxygen."

The jet plane climbs from earth temperatures into the sub-zero sub-stratosphere at such a ter-



Jack Woolams, Bell Aircraft's chief test pilot, is garbed for an "altitude" hop in the propellerless jet fighter.

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rific rate that, according to Johnston, "you can hear the metal pop as it contracts from the cold and see wrinkles in the wing skin." Johnston has hit 68 below—outside temperature—in test flights. The jet engine's adaptability to temperature extremes is one of its most remarkable features.

When you're flying the ship, the only noise you hear is the roaring rush of air over the wings. The rotary engine makes very little noise, and the sound of the jet exhaust bursting in a continuous stream from the tail nozzle is not audible inside the cockpit.

On the ground you don't hear the JP until it's right on top of you. Then it streaks past with a swoosh like the blast of a giant blowtorch. As the plane grows smaller in the distance, the noise becomes a low rumble like an express train a mile away on a quiet night. There is no sputtering or crackling as with propeller-driven aircraft.

"One of the strangest feelings comes the first time you land the 'squirt,'" says Johnston. "The landing-gear struts are so short that you keep coming down and coming down, until it feels like you're landing in a hole in the ground."

Because it's so hard to hear the plane until it's within easy machine-gun range, JPs of the future should make excellent strafing craft. Also, after complete combustion is reached in the engine, the jet exhaust leaves no visible trail of flame after dark, making planes like the P-59 good for night fighting and hit-run bombing.

Two things bother you right away when you see a JP take off. You wonder what keeps the nacelle openings from swallowing up passing birds, and you worry about what would happen to a ground-crewman if he walked close to the fuselage behind the jet nozzle. The bird problem has been taken care of; there's a wire "bird-eliminator" screen over the actual air intakes inside the cowling. But anybody who strays within 20 feet behind the jet when the engine is turning up would probably look like he'd tangled with a flame thrower. At any distance beyond 20 feet, the jet exhaust might knock you for a loop, but you probably wouldn't get badly burned.

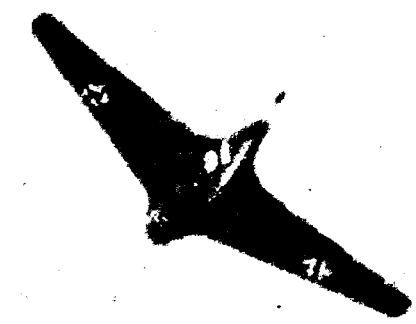
ALTHOUGH we are just now able to talk freely about the existence of an American jet-propelled aircraft, U. S. military and industrial engineers actually started work on JP before Pearl Harbor. Our experiments were conducted with great secrecy. As long ago as August 1941 the word went around that Germany was developing an aircraft that would use an engine with a turbine-driven propeller. Allied pilots report that they have seen at least two types of German propellerless *Heissluftstrahltriebwerke* ("hot-air ray-drive works") over the Western Front. One looked like the ME-110, but the other was a broad-winged bat-shaped thing with no tail. Nothing has been heard of Italy's jet plane since it was publicized following a 168-mile flight from Rome to Milan six days before Pearl Harbor.

In recent months, the U. S. Navy's Avenger—the ship that seagoing flyers call the world's best carrier-based torpedo plane—has used four 330-hp jet units for take-off assist and gets into the air in less than half the normal run. But the Avenger is not powered solely by jet-propulsion.

Our own jet progress depended on the development of a highly specialized aircraft power plant whose prototype was designed in 1933 by Frank Whittle, a cadet at Cranwell, the RAF training school. Whittle is now an RAF wing commander. His engine was running by 1937 and two years later the British Air Ministry placed its first order for a plane using Whittle's design. It was May 1941 before the British ship was test-hopped.

Meanwhile in the States, the National Advisory Committee on Aeronautics had set up a group to study jet propulsion. In July 1941 Britain sent copies of Whittle's design to U. S. Army aircraft engineers who liked its looks. In September one Whittle engine was delivered to the General Electric Company for duplication.

GE was selected to undertake the manufacture of the American jet engine for several reasons. Jet propulsion utilizes many principles and materials already applied to the manufacture of turbo-superchargers, which GE has been turning out for military craft since the last war. And the British firm that built Whittle's engine was an associate of General Electric. Also, GE had taken a wooden mock-up of a gas turbine engine to Wright Field as long ago as 1939, but at that date no materials had been devised that could be depended upon to stand up under the intense heat required for jet operation.



Allies have seen this Nazi jet job over Europe.

Bell Aircraft was assigned on Sept. 8, 1941, to build the plane into which the GE engine would be installed. By now construction of both airframes and engines on the Bell and GE designs has been farmed out to other manufacturers.

How secretly all these steps were carried out was best shown by Comdr. Whittle's visit to the U. S. He registered under the name of Whitely at a hotel near a GE plant. Hotel employees took him for an eccentric Englishman with lots of cash, because he asked for a private phone that didn't go through the lobby switchboard, ate his meals in his room and always called for the same bellboy. Fearing detection, Whittle moved into the home of Reginald G. Standerwick, chief engineer of GE's supercharger and JP departments. He lived there three months and Standerwick's wife didn't learn his identity until Whittle was already back in England and the successful flight of an American jet plane had been publicly announced.

The first man to fly the American JP was Robert M. Stanley, then chief test pilot for Bell. Now, at 32, he is the company's chief engineer.

When Stanley heard that the first test was set for Oct. 1, 1942, he was afraid no hangars or other line equipment would be available at the unrevealed base then under construction, 25 miles from the nearest town. Stanley thought he would need some place to hide the new plane when it arrived, so he took an option on a Los Angeles evangelist's revival tent to rent at $20 a week. But by test-day a hangar was up.

On Sept. 30, Stanley climbed into the ship and toyed with the controls. He was eager to get into the air, but he contented himself with some fast ground-taxiing, pulling the ship just off the landing strip for a few seconds at a time. The next day Bell and Army officials and several scientific bigwigs were on hand and watched Stanley buzz the field at 25 feet for 30 minutes. Then he landed and took off again. After that the sky was the limit.

The first Army pilot to fly the ship was Col. (now Brig. Gen.) Lawrence C. Craigie, chief of the aircraft project section at Wright Field. Very few GIs have had a chance to tinker with the JP. Exceptions are four EM on a maintenance crew at Wright Field—S/Sgt. Earl Kohler of Jeffersonville, N. Y.; Sgt. Fred Terry of Gainesville, Tex.; Cpl. William C. Meyer of San Diego, Calif., and Pvt. Hale Kern of Pomona, Calif.

The assembled plane is interesting to look at, but it's just as interesting to see the thermal jet-propulsion engine by itself. The JP power plants are rolling out of a GE factory that used to build street lights. You get your best understanding of the whole theory of jet propulsion by seeing an engine in break-down or sketched schematically, as on the preceding page.

Jet propulsion has been known to scientists and laymen alike for 2,000 years, and you can name dozens of everyday applications. The most common are the rotary lawn sprinkler and a blown-up balloon thrown into the air. As the air squeezes out of the neck of the balloon, it makes the balloon fly around crazily. In the same way, the lawn sprinkler turns in one direction because of the force of the water shooting from the little jet in the opposite direction. These, as well as the aircraft engine, are examples of a simple physical law: every action produces a reaction equal in force and opposite in direction.

A rocket is a form of jet propulsion, but a rocket must carry its own supply of oxygen and fuel. The fuel ignites with the aid of oxygen, expands the burning gases to a point of tremendous thrust, then ejects them. The force of the ejection throws the rocket in the opposite direction.

A jet-propulsion engine performs the same function, except that it does not have to carry its own oxygen.

No high-grade fuel is needed for jet propulsion. Kerosene is the most-often used so far, but Standerwick of GE says the perfect fuel for this type of engine has yet to be developed. Capt. Ezra Kotcher of the Fighter Branch, Engineering Division, Materiel Command, says the JP will fly on "anything from coal oil to Napoleon brandy."

A jet-propulsion engine that cruises at 400 mph weighs one-third as much as a conventional aircraft engine of equivalent horsepower, and—as opposed to propeller-driven planes—the JP becomes more efficient as the altitude increases. The tips of the propellers on some of our swiftest planes revolve so fast that the combined speed of prop rotation and forward motion approaches the speed of sound and its accompanying flight disturbances. Without spinning propellers to worry about, jet-propelled planes apparently can be limited in speed only by flying so fast that the wings are travelling at the speed of sound. At that speed, the compressibility of air, effective along the whole leading edge of the wing, would be a tough problem to outsmart.

The advantages of jet propulsion over conventional aircraft can be summed up like this:

1. More speed, greater altitude.
2. Less weight per horsepower at altitudes of equal operating efficiency.
3. Fewer working parts, hence less danger of serious breakdown and fewer men needed in maintenance crews.

Jet propulsion's one big disadvantage may be the factor that will keep it out of commercial usage until a solution is evolved. At less than 400 mph, a jet-propelled plane requires up to twice as much fuel for operation as a conventional craft of equal power.

TEST-PILOT Johnston believes that jet propulsion as we know it now is merely a step toward future aviation power plants that will make even our most advanced designs look antique. "We may be moving toward jet engines that will power a propeller that can be feathered or retracted when greater thrust is necessary," he says.

Orville Wright, who with his brother Wilbur made the first successful flight in heavier-than-air craft in 1903, has said that "the day when JP will completely replace conventional aircraft is a long way off."

One possibility that has been suggested is the use of a jet-propelled transport for an "Executives' Special." This would be a 10- or 12-place job that would make one or two flights daily nonstop from coast to coast, carrying the nation's top business and governmental leaders to conferences. Such a plane could probably take you from coast to coast in six hours or less.

This is in the realm of speculation, but Lawrence D. Bell, president of the Bell Aircraft Corp., soberly foresees tremendous possibilities for JP after the war.

"Within five years no military fighter planes will be built which do not incorporate the jet-propulsion principle," Bell predicts. "There is no doubt that jet-powered planes will make all present types obsolete in years to come.

"This will give the military aircraft industry a huge job. Bombers as well as fighters will use jet engines in some form, and probably civilian transport planes too."

GERMAN JETS

Rome—Fifteenth Air Force pilots who have seen two types of German jet planes over Europe—the twin-jet ME-262 and the rarer single-jet ME-163—say both ships can top 500 mph.

German jet pilots haven't been anxious to tangle with our fighters. Ordinarily they lurk above 30,000 feet, make only one dive at our bombers and then "zoom right up at terrific speed" on an angle as steep as 45 degrees and maintain their climb.

Largest force of jets met so far by the Fifteenth Air Force was 14, over Germany. No Fifteenth pilot has claimed a jet, but a Ninth Air Force P-47 pilot—Lt. Valmore J. Beaudrault of Milford, N. H.—downed one on the Western Front. He believes a good pilot in a good conventional fighter can take a German jet pilot by outmaneuvering him, turning sharply inside the enemy ship each time he makes a pass, and by making him use up his slim fuel supply.

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Another Winter

LT. GEN. MARK W. CLARK SIZES UP THE TOUGH JOB IN ITALY.

By Sgt. J. DENTON SCOTT
YANK Staff Correspondent

WITH THE FIFTH ARMY IN ITALY—When Lt. Gen. Mark W. Clark hears Italy called the "Forgotten Front," he gets mad. It's a cinch, he says, that the Germans haven't forgotten the Italian front.

The former Fifth Army commander, recently promoted to commander in chief of the Allied Armies in Italy, says: "I dislike heartily that expression they're using about this front over here. As long as the Fifth and Eighth Armies are keeping German divisions in Italy off Gen. Eisenhower, we're shortening the war."

For tall and quiet-spoken Gen. Clark and for thousands of men under him in the Fifth and Eighth Armies, this is the second war winter in Italy. He was named commander of the Fifth when it was activated in January 1943. He came ashore with the Fifth at Salerno the following September and made the Anzio landing in March 1944. In May-June of last year, when they surged north to take Rome, the Allied armies in Italy had a brief, unaccustomed taste of fast-moving war. Most other times the men of the Allied command — who have included French, Moroccans, Poles, Greeks, Canadians, New Zealanders, Brazilians and Swazis as well as English and Americans — have fought a slow, heart-breaking and back-breaking campaign of mountains and mud. In the process they have conquered most of Italy and moved up into the peaks that guard the Valley of the Po, but the weather and terrain they grapple with this winter seem about the same as the weather and terrain that punished them a year ago. Italy is the only spot in Europe in which the Western Allies have had to fight a land campaign for two winters straight.

It was cold outside the green plywood hut, about the size of four or five wall tents, which Gen. Clark makes his headquarters when on the Fifth Army front. Inside, two large logs burned slowly in a red-brick fireplace. A squat leather divan stood before the fireplace and on the other side of the room was a big multicolored map. Two small wooden chairs, a few rugs and a telephone completed the furnishings.

When he came in, the general had to duck his head. A small black spaniel preceded him and ran madly about the hut. The general said he'd had the dog seven years.

Mark Clark's long face got longer when I said that generally the GIs feel pretty hopeless about the stalemate on the Fifth Army front. He took up a pointer, which he fingered constantly while he talked, and made small idle circles on the map near the Bologna sector. He said:

"I know that it's mighty important that my men know what they are fighting for. I try to tell them every chance I get. I want you to tell them that I think they have accomplished an impossible job doing what they have in these mountains."

GEN. CLARK isn't trying to kid his command that the second winter in the Apennines will be any easier than the first. If anything, he says, this winter in the Apennines may well be tougher. The mountains that guard the Valley of the Po are colder and more rugged than those of last year's more southerly Garigliano front. The German defenders, he believes, are stronger than they were in 1943-44.

The main factor that slowed the Fifth's advance on Bologna, Gen. Clark thinks, was the movement to the Fifth Army front of enemy divisions from reserves and other parts of the front. The enemy force at Bologna has increased from four divisions to 13. The Allies estimate that the Germans have some 25 divisions in Italy in all. The quality of the German forces here compares favorably, Gen. Clark maintains, with the quality of the German troops on the Western Front. He notes that the Germans in Italy include remnants of the late Marshal Rommel's Afrika Korps, and though some German divisions have been virtually destroyed several times, they have been rebuilt and are carrying on the spirit of the original divisions. "I don't count the three Italian divisions which oppose us," Gen. Clark said.

German divisions which have been transferred to other fronts since Cassino and Anzio have been replaced, according to the general, by equally good outfits. In fact, he rates the 1st Parachute Division as one of the *Wehrmacht*'s best. German morale in Italy may be somewhat lower than it was last winter, but German discipline, Mark Clark observes, hasn't changed.

There are at least two reasons, the general thinks, why the Germans have not forgotten Italy. The first is that they never give ground without a fight. The second is the value they place on the Po Valley.

The Po Valley is by all odds the greatest economic prize of Italy. The main Italian industries are situated there and so are the most productive farms. The Po region is the Italian breadbasket, and since the Germans have lost the wheatlands of the Ukraine, Rumania and Hungary, the Po means more to the *Wehrmacht* than it ever did. The Po Valley, Gen. Clark estimates, is capable not only of feeding the Germany Army in Italy but of producing a surplus that can be sent home. The Po's industries have been heavily bombed, but much machinery can probably be dismantled and shipped to the Reich to help relieve the loss of industries in western Europe. Factories that can still be operated in the valley have a plentiful supply of well-trained Italian labor.

The Po is worth fighting for, and Gen. Clark sees signs that the Germans will fight as tenaciously inside the valley as they are now fighting to keep the Allies outside.

"The Po won't be an easy battlefield," the general said, "but I don't think anything could be rougher than these mountains."

The battle for Italy, the general says, isn't isolated from the rest of the war in Europe. The fate of the Po may hinge on what the Russians achieve in southeastern Europe. If the Soviet drive beyond Budapest becomes menacing enough, the *Wehrmacht* may have to withdraw its forces from northern Italy to avoid being trapped.

Whatever happens, the general emphasizes, the campaigns on all the European fronts are part of one over-all campaign against "Fortress Germany." Each front contributes to the success of another, Gen. Clark insists.

Since the resources behind our campaigns on the Western and Eastern Fronts are much greater than they are in Italy, it seems logical, Gen. Clark admits, that the final blows to "Fortress Germany" will be dealt from one or both of these fronts. The campaign in Italy will not end earlier than the other campaigns in Europe, he figures, unless the Russians do threaten Germany from the southeast or unless the *Wehrmacht* needs reserves so desperately for the East or West that it cannot afford to keep divisions for the Po. In that case, the Germans will have the Alps as an easily defendable barrier between the Reich and the Allies in Italy.

But even if the Germans should want to withdraw from the Po and thus end the campaign in Italy, Gen. Clark observes that they might not be able to do so. The Allied air forces have been pounding away at rail lines and roads leading north from Italy. If those lines and highways are cut, Field Marshal Albert von Kesselring's men will have to stand and fight even if the *Wehrmacht* begins to crumble on other fronts. The future holds several possibilities. The present, Gen. Clark hints, holds little except fighting.

Allied equipment for the Italian fighting is superior to the German, the general is convinced. He maintains that our winter clothing, which was pretty inadequate last year, is now better than the *Wehrmacht*'s. "I inspected the clothing a long time ago and it's the best the QM can produce," he said. "I am confident that this winter won't be a repetition of last as far as the men suffering from the cold is concerned."

Our side, the general says, is constantly bringing in better equipment whereas little new German equipment has showed up on this front. German airpower in Italy is relatively weak at present, though there are some indications of a build-up. The *Luftwaffe* now consists of a few reconnaissance planes, fighter-bombers and light bombers, which are capable of small raids, but Nazi air strength here is no match for the AAF.

"We're not going to sit back and wait for developments," Gen. Clark asserted. "We're going to push on."

THE fire in the red-brick fireplace was now almost out. The general unlimbered his tall frame from the little chair he had been sitting in, stretched and looked toward the door. I took the hint, left the green plywood hut and walked down a muddy road past red-helmeted MPs to a jeep.

The jeep driver, a chilled T-5, scowled. "You've been gone over an hour," he said. "What the hell took you so long?"

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Yanks at Home Abroad

Good Town, Strasbourg

IN STRASBOURG—The Marauders moved across the sky over our heads, and someone in the jeep remarked that it must have given the pilots a feeling of frustration to see the road below them so tightly and ideally jammed with an American convoy.

More than a week after Strasbourg's capture, all of its roads seemed slow and crowded. The great drive of Seventh Army men and tanks through the Savern Gap into Strasbourg was being followed by military traffic of all kinds. There were halts, snarls and involuntary breathing spells for the men in our jeep every half-hour or so, and we had a chance to take a look at the country.

Superb farm land opened out on all sides—cultivated green plains and hills, light brown and pink farmhouses and wayside wood crucifixes. The local population lined the road to stare at the motorized army moving past.

It was a clear, crisp afternoon. The cold entered your flesh and stayed there, but the sun came out to show the low, black mountains with banks of gray mist lying around their slopes in the distance. Occasionally we passed wrecked tanks covered with rust. They looked as if they had been strafed weeks ago. In the fields were deep red gulleys and behind them were well-dug tank traps. Artillery was still zeroed in on the road. Even with their backs to the Rhine, the Germans had prepared themselves and the terrain for long resistance.

We saw no live Nazis this day and only one dead one, lying alone by an incline in the road. He was dressed in blue uniform and boots, with helmet and ammunition piled beside him.

As we approached Strasbourg, the weather closed in around us and we drove through thick, white fog and tall black trees. Piles of logs lay by the road where GIs had cleared away roadblocks and the trunks of some of the trees in the woods were half chopped through. The Germans had been preparing these roadblocks almost at the moment our Army caught up with them.

In Strasbourg we headed for a hotel called the Blue Cross, which was warm and well lit and in good running order. A number of infantrymen had the same idea and were lined up at the desk getting rooms. When our turn came, the desk clerk—a serious round-faced young woman in a blue dress—took our names, dates of births, occupations and home towns.

The people of Strasbourg take nothing for granted. Their city has changed hands so often during the last 150 years that they are particularly touchy about their current nationality. We asked the clerk how to find the home of Rouget de Lisle, composer of the French national anthem.

"It's *Adolph Hitler Platz*, isn't it?" we asked.

"You mean *Place de la Broglie*," she said.

Supper that night at the hotel was substantial enough—soup, smoked sausage, a large helping of vegetables and good beer. At a corner table by herself, a huge old woman, wearing a checked overcoat and a felt hat jammed down over her eyes, gloomily disposed of a tin of sardines and two Hershey bars. An old man with black-rimmed glasses, a black mustache and polished black boots glanced up from his paper at some American infantrymen entertaining a party of girls who wore black skiing woolen trousers and white skirts.

Strasbourg that night had a particular meaning for these GIs. Traveling through Europe late in 1944 at government expense does not broaden the mind. We won't remember Strasbourg for its sightseeing possibilities—the river front, the great squares and the cathedral. We won't remember it even for its critical military value and the fact that it is only within a few miles of the Rhine and the Black Forest. We will remember it simply as a town not off limits where you could find food and good company and a bed for the night.

—Cpl. JOHN PRESTON
YANK Staff Correspondent

FURLOUGH FLAG. There's a hint of sarcasm in the Aleutian custom of putting up a star for each GI who gets a furlough to the U. S. At an Engineer base, Sgt. Loran Calvin admires one of the flags.

Weasels at Work

LEYTE, THE PHILIPPINES—In the beach welding shop of the Ordnance repair section here, highest priority goes to the weasel, or M29 cargo carrier. The weasel is still getting to the front in this tough sector, after every other kind of vehicle has bogged down in the rice paddies and swamps.

Compared with the load of a 6 by 6, the weasel's capacity (about 1,200 pounds on its 20-foot rubber-tracked frame) is a drop in the bucket. But to the infantrymen stretching one day's rations to three, the sight of these little jobs churning through the bogs past swamped trucks is a fine and heart-warming spectacle.

The Ordnance men are having their troubles in the repair department, though. The weasels have come almost directly from the assembly line into combat, which means that there are practically no replacement parts. Ordnance has to build parts on the spot. Often the weasels were overloaded, and drivers treated them rough, with the result that clutches pulled out and transmissions were stripped. A lot of weasels were also knocked out by mortar fire.

T-5 Arnold Westman Jr. of Fenton, Mich., explained how the ordnancemen work their clutch replacement. "We found that a jeep clutch will fit a weasel if you cut an eighth of an inch off the pilot shaft," he said. "First you've got to soften the steel, heating it three times for that. Then you can cut it down and then you have to retemper it. After a while you finish it off. Our first one took us 10 hours. Now we do one in three."

—Sgt. CHARLES PEARSON
YANK Staff Correspondent

This Week's Cover

FLYING staggered echelon with two sister ships from Bell Aircraft, the jet-propelled P-59 Airacomet fighter-trainer (bottom) shows her lines alongside those of the P-39 Airacobra (top) and the P-63 Kingcobra (middle). What makes the "jet job" fly is told on pages 2, 3, and 4.

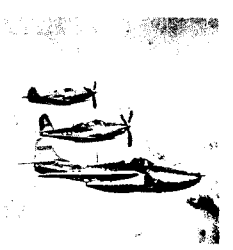

PHOTO CREDITS. Cover, 2 & 3—Bell Aircraft Corporation. 4—USSTAF. 5—Pvt. George Aarons. 6—Left, Pvt. Charles Schonert; right, Sgt. Nat Eisenberg. 7—Upper, PA; lower, Acme. 10 & 11—Mason Pawlak CPhoM. 12 & 13—Sgt. Dave Richardson. 17—Acme. 18—Upper, Ardmore AAF, Okla.; lower, PRO, Camp Crowder, Mo. 19—Upper left, PRO, Brooks Field, Tex. 20—Universal Pictures. 23—Upper, Acme; lower, Signal Corps.

Shoo-Shoo Baby T-3 DuPont and his GI buddies.

Shoo-Shoo Baby

SOMEWHERE IN HOLLAND—Cpl. Jimmy Adkins of the Office of Strategic Services woke one morning in a GI garage here to find a small, earnest Dutch kid staring down at him. The little guy spoke no English, but he conveyed a certain amount of hunger via sign language, so Adkins and his friends took him to chow with them. He's been with them ever since.

The kid's name is Edward DuPont but they call him Shoo-Shoo. He's the 4-year-old son of a Dutch family that has seven other children, and his parents readily consented to let the Yanks adopt Shoo-Shoo temporarily.

The first step of his GI foster parents was to have a uniform made for him, cut down from a regulation GI blouse and trousers. Next the boys took him in to the finance officer for his pay. The finance officer, preoccupied in counting that green stuff, was somewhat startled to see pint-sized Shoo-Shoo, complete with T-3 stripes, barely reaching the top of the desk. He made up a partial pay of 10 Dutch cents and drew it from his own pockets in order to save trouble for and from the IG.

—Sgt. NAT EISENBERG
YANK Field Correspondent

Bed in Bedlam

WITH THE FIFTEENTH AIR FORCE IN ITALY—The Air Force sergeant was bushed, but he wanted to look up his wounded brother, an infantryman, at a field hospital near Florence. He got in to see his brother and they talked. The Air Force sergeant yawned more and more.

Finally he gave up. Getting a litter and some blankets he moved into a nearby room to take a horizontal break. He left his jacket with all his papers in it with his brother.

Two hours after he hit the sack he was awakened rudely by an infantry medic. The medic thrust a thermometer in his mouth and began to take his pulse.

"Hey," the sergeant said, "I'm not sick; I'm just in the Air Force!"

The medic smiled and winked at another medic who had come in. "Thinks he's in the Air Force, poor fella," he said. The two of them led the sergeant gently to the psychopathic ward.

It was hours later, after the situation had been ironed out over the skepticism of many medics, that the sergeant went back and looked at the sign on the door of the room he had picked for his nap. "RECEIVING WARD," it read.

—YANK Field Correspondent

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GERMANY'S HUMAN MOLES

Some of the civilians from eight German villages near Saarlautern who set up a cave community.

90th Division MP stands near mushroom cave where 1,700 Germans took refuge from war's turmoil.

By Sgt. SAUL LEVITT
YANK Staff Correspondent

WITH THE 90TH DIVISION, HUREN, GERMANY —Far away a rooster crows, but there is nothing like morning showing anywhere. A woman comes by, a faint silhouette in front of the lamplight. Something small and with a small child's voice brushes by your knee. Everywhere it is dark, and the darkness is broken only by sputterings of light from carbide lamps. Through this underground darkness, half-shapes walk unobtrusively and swing wide of you like bats as you approach.

We are below ground in a big cave inside of Siesburg Mountain on the west bank of the Saar River, eight miles northwest of Saarlautern. About 1,700 German civilians live here. There are reports of other underground settlements, one of them said to hold 8,000 people. The cave dwellers at this place near Saarlautern went down into the earth from eight little villages that fit with comfortable age-old snugness into the Saarland hills. They are people who did not choose to retreat with the German Army across the river eastward and farther into Germany. A platoon under Lt. William C. Gilpin, on routine reconnaissance, spotted a column of smoke that seemed to rise out of the hillside and so found the cave.

You take a deep breath and then plunge into the darkness. It is a darkness filled with sounds of life. The dampness rolls like fog. There is mud underfoot. And you remember London suddenly. In London there are still people sleeping along the platforms of the underground, as they call the subway. In 1940 it was crowded, smelly and dirty on the platforms, but there was light, at least, and moreover it was a place that was familiar and made by human hands. But the darkness of the Saarlautern cave is savage.

Gradually your eyes become adjusted to the darkness, and as you move into the cave, you come to some areas that are better lighted. It is like coming into a theater after the curtain has risen: here is a kitchen with a pot boiling, a small girl tugging at her mother's dress. In another corner an old woman lies in bed, and you are told she will still be there when it is mid-afternoon by the clock; old people in the cave stay abed all the time because there is nothing else for them to do.

The effect at first is of great disorder—of kitchens, beds, children, animals all mixed up. Then you find the terrifying order of a community below the earth. There is a central lane of mud that might be considered Main Street, and there are other lanes of mud that might be called side streets, and on each side of your exploring light there are homes—without doors, windows, floors or plumbing.

This is Franz Von Papen's cave. It belongs to the one-time chancellor of the Third Reich and ambassador to Turkey, still busy behind the scenes in Berlin. He used to live in grand country-gentleman style at Wallenfanger on the Saar River shore, about eight miles away. Long ago this dark underground cave with its seepage from the river was found suitable for mushroom-growing. Human labor developed the natural tunnel so that today it is a mile and a half long.

Why the people wanted to live underground is not completely clear. They were, of course, getting away from the shells and bombs, and perhaps they felt that evacuating eastward would only mean more bombs and shells and more evacuation. But a Catholic priest who went down with the 1,700 people explained that they were seeking more than protection from shells; they were trying to hide from the Hitler Germany they and others like them had helped make.

They came with everything they owned, fleeing the flood that threatened Germany. They came as if they were entering Noah's Ark, and they brought with them all their domestic beasts —90 cows, 68 goats, 11 horses and 40 chickens. They brought their children, their sick, their old people. They brought a baby two days old and a woman 84.

There was little organization to this mass movement underground. The local *Volkssturm* (Home Guard) tried to prevent it by placing dynamite in front of the cave entrance, but the priest wrote to Von Papen and he allowed the cave dwellers to stay and forbade the sealing up of the cave. Then the *Volkssturm* tried to terrorize the people by telling them the Americans would rape, kill and pillage. The people half believed this. When the first American soldiers entered the cave, the younger women trembled and shrank against the walls and the old women took to their beds and pulled the covers over their heads. When they saw that the Americans did not hurt them, they overcame their fears.

MEANWHILE a bitter pillbox battle rages in the town of Dilligen across the river. Shells arch over this valley. The people of the cave like to crowd to the entranceway to look out. The women bring their babies to the entrance and rock carriages all day long. They look down at the ancient villages where they used to live. They wheedle and plead with the 90th Division MPs who have finally arranged for some relaxation of rules in the daylight, letting people out for tasks like emptying slop pails and gathering firewood. These Germans ask, almost the way the French asked us all the way through France: "When will we be able to go back to our towns?" The MPs explain that they must stay until the front moves up.

Pfc. John G. MacDonald of the Ridgewood section of Brooklyn, N. Y., whose mother is German, makes a little speech to the cave dwellers: "Plenty of people have been left cold and hungry in France and other countries for more than just a few weeks. As soon as we move up, you'll be able to go back to your towns. For you it will be just a short time, but the German Army made it cold and hungry for lots of people and for a longer time than this."

All day long the people crowd to the entrance to look out, grabbing a piece of daylight to remember when they go below. At night they recede into the underground. Cows moo at evening for their milking and in the morning roosters crow, but down below the cave is always in the same darkness. Kids play and old people sleep—sleep through the 24-hour night.

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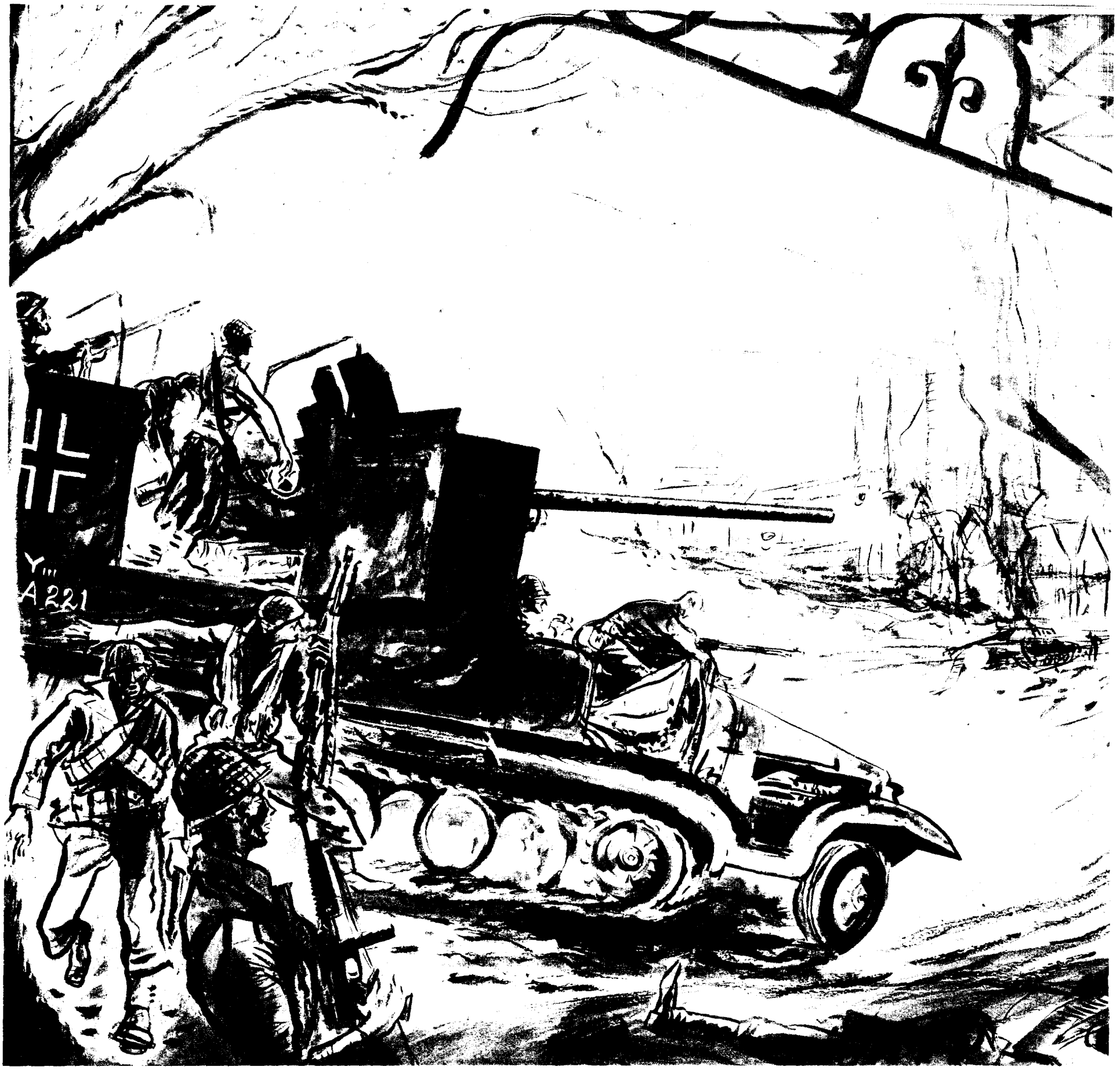

Hot Time in Belgium

When the Germans launched their big push in the West, a lot of GIs who had planned a Paris holiday found they didn't need to go traveling for excitement.

By Sgt. ED CUNNINGHAM
YANK Staff Correspondent

WITH U. S. FORCES IN EASTERN BELGIUM—This battered Belgian village, with its narrow, rubble-heaped streets and worn, cold-looking houses and barns is a far cry from the spaciousness of the Champs Elysees and the war-forgetting warmth of Paris' swank night clubs and bars—too damned far for the men of this infantry regiment who held off on their 48-hour passes so they could spend part of their Christmas holidays in Paris.

Marshal Karl von Rundstedt's counteroffensive screwed up that deal, leaving infantry joes with nothing more than Paris rainchecks redeemable once the Jerry drive has been rolled back. But the guys in this regiment have one consolation. They, in turn, screwed up a few of Von Rundstedt's holiday plans—and they didn't issue him any rainchecks, either.

According to German prisoners taken since the counteroffensive started, Von Rundstedt had promised they would have Aachen and Antwerp for their Christmas stockings and would spend New Year's Eve in Paris. The Jerries were heading for New Year's Eve in Paris by way of Belgium. That's where they met up with the Yanks, who had similar plans for ushering in 1945.

The meeting took place on a hilly road that leads down into this Belgian village. B Company of the 1st Battalion started out at 1500 to look over the town, which was reported to be lightly held by the Germans. That was a slight understatement. When the Americans got within half a mile of the town, they were promptly tied down by Jerry flakwagons that came out to greet them. Lacking artillery and tank-destroyer support and armed only with M1s, light machine guns, flak grenades and bazookas, B Company was in no spot to start trading punches. Regimental headquarters was notified of the situation and urgently requested to send something to get the German flakwagons off B Company's tail. Just about that time, somebody hit on the idea of sending in a previously captured Jerry half-track, mounting a 77, as a pinch hitter till our own TDs and artillery arrived. A hurry call was sent out for five volunteers to man the German vehicle.

The first guy to stick his neck out was Pfc. Russell Snow of Burbank, Calif., a regimental clerk. Snow, who was a clerk in the Los Angeles Board of Education office before the Army got him, volunteered to drive the half-track although he had never handled one before. Two members of the regiment's 57-mm antitank squad—Pfc. Harold Kelly of Chicago, Ill., and Pfc. Harry Koprowski of Erie, Pa.—offered to work the 77. Pvts. Thomas R. Holliday of Henderson, Ky., and Buland Hoover

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Moving in for the kill on his half-track, Kelly raked the advancing German infantry with the 77.

of Hobbs, N. Mex., two BAR men, volunteered to cover the driver and the 77 gunners.

After Kelly and Koprowski had been given a brief orientation on how to operate the 77—they had never fired one before—Snow drove the half-track onto the frost-hardened rutted road, and they went off to relieve the pressure on Company B. For three hours the Yanks operated their one-vehicle armored patrol up and down the hilly road that led into the German-occupied village. Seven Jerry flakwagons, mounting 20-mm guns, and several heavy machine guns were deployed around the edge of the village, well hidden by thick underbrush and heavy ground fog that reduced visibility to 100 or 200 feet. Most of the time Kelly, who was at the sights of the 77, was firing practically blind, aiming in the direction the 20-mm and machine-gun tracers were coming from. Once, however, the men on the half-track saw a column of German infantrymen coming down the road toward positions taken up by B Company. Moving in for the kill, Kelly raked their ranks with his 77, forcing them to abandon the attack. Another time Hoover, the BAR man, spotted a Jerry machine-gun nest through the fog and silenced it permanently.

Just before dusk, a blast of a 20-mm hit the brace of Kelly's gun. He got several pieces of flak in his lower lip and chin. At that point Snow, the clerk, started doubling in brass. He maneuvered his vehicle into position against the tracers coming from the enemy 20-mm or machine gun, then moved back to take Kelly's place on the 77. A roaming German half-track got into Snow's sights on the crossroads just outside of the village and went up in flames, and there were two probables on the machine-gun nests, but Snow couldn't be certain because of bad visibility. Finally, with his ammunition almost gone and Kelly in need of medical attention, Snow turned the captured Nazi vehicle around and headed back to the CP to resume his regular duties as a regimental clerk.

While Snow and Kelly were running interference for them, elements of B Company moved up for a closer look at the village. A lieutenant leading a squad on a wide swing around a German strongpoint was hit by sniper fire, leaving his outfit without either an officer or noncom. Cpl. Curtis Aydelott, S-2 section leader of Clarksville, Tenn., had joined up with the patrol when he became separated from his own outfit in the battle confusion. So the corporal stepped into the lieutenant's spot. Aydelott's usual duties are not with a line company; he ordinarily goes only on patrols or follows after an attack to roll German stiffs for identification papers, and he went along on this job to bring back any Jerry prisoners. But instead he was thrown into a spot where he had to double as a line noncom.

Ordering a machine gunner to cover them, Aydelott and a bazookaman skirted a house on the edge of the village and flanked a flakwagon parked there. A GI with a bazooka opened up on the Jerry vehicle, setting it afire, while Aydelott sprayed it with a tommy gun. None of the five-man Nazi crew escaped.

Aydelott's helmet was shot off in the advance but he was uninjured. He got another helmet from a sergeant who had been shot in the chest. The sergeant didn't think he'd need it very soon.

After determining the real strategy of the German occupying force, Lt. Col. Willard E. Harrison, battalion commander from San Diego, Calif., ordered an attack on the town that night. The battalion kicked off at 2000 after a 10-minute artillery barrage, with two TDs for support.

It had started to snow, and a thick veil of white covered the huge fir trees that lined the hill road leading into town. B Company, advancing on the right side of the road, yelled over to G Company on its left: "The last ones in town are chicken. Get the lead outta your tails, you guys."

C Company made contact first, taking on a column of 100 German infantrymen who were supported by 19 flakwagons, several tanks and a big gun. The first wave was pinned down by a murderous fire from Jerry advance machine-gun emplacements. But when the second wave came up, they overran the enemy position and wiped out both guns and crews. S/Sgt. Frank Dietrich of Detroit, Mich., emptied his tommy gun on a machine-gun crew and when the last Jerry started to break and run, Dietrich threw the tommy gun at him. The shock of being hit by the gun slowed up the fleeing German just enough for another C Company man to finish him off with a BAR.

Meanwhile B Company had attacked the flakwagons with bazookas and hand grenades, mixed in with spine-freezing Texas cowboy yells and self-exhortations to "get those bastards." It was not phony heroics, as one B Company man proved by the way he finished off a Jerry flakwagon gunner who wouldn't surrender. The Kraut was injured but he still leaned over his gun, firing at the advancing Americans. Suddenly one tough, battle-maddened GI made a direct break for the flakwagon, yelling: "You German son of a bitch." He jumped up on the vehicle and stabbed the German with a knife until he fell over dead.

Another Company B man, a staff sergeant, had sneaked up on a flakwagon, ready to throw a grenade inside, when he was hit on the left arm and side by small-arms fire. Unable to pull the pin, he had another GI pull it for him, then turned and hurled the grenade into the flakwagon.

The battalion got into the first building on the outskirts of the town that night, set up a CP there and dug in. The Germans launched a five-hour counterattack supported by flakwagons and a tank. This failed, but only after the tank had hit the CP three times.

During daylight hours, the Yanks and Jerries fought it out at long range, with nothing particularly startling except for the experience of S/Sgt. Edgar Lauritsen, Headquarters Company operations sergeant from Limestone, Maine, and Pfc. Theodore Watson, a medic. While a German tank was shelling the CP, two jeeploads of soldiers in American uniforms—a captain and eight enlisted men — pulled up in front, got out and started walking around the other side of the building toward the German lines. Watson hollered to them that they were going too far but they ignored his warning. That aroused the medic's suspicion. He demanded to know what outfit they were from.

"The 99th," said the captain, and he continued on his way.

Sgt. Lauritsen, who had just come out of the CP, caught the tone of the conversation, got suspicious and shouted: "What outfit in the 99th?"

"Headquarters," replied the captain in a slightly guttural voice as he kept on walking.

The accented answer convinced Lauritsen. He hollered "Halt," and when the eight American-uniformed strangers started running, Lauritsen opened up with his M1. The captain staggered, shot in the back, but his companions grabbed him and hurried him toward a steep embankment which led down into the woods.

The other Americans in the CP, attracted by the firing, thought Lauritsen had gone flak happy and was shooting Yanks. They were all set to drill Lauritsen himself until they realized what had happened. By that time the eight fugitives had escaped into the woods, presumably making their way back to German lines.

But the pay-off on the entire spy deal was the deception the same German "captain" pulled on an American captain back at regimental CP, just before he was spotted by Lauritsen and Watson. The two jeeps, loaded with the eight Germans wearing mud-spattered American mackinaws and carrying M1s, stopped in front of the CP.

"Hey," the German "captain" yelled to the American officer standing outside. "I'm from the —— Division. Have you seen any of our tanks around here today?"

"Yeh," the unsuspecting American answered.

"How many?"

"Oh, about four or five."

"Good. Say, how far is it to ——?"

"You can't get down there. The bridge is out."

"Thanks. By the way, how are things going around here?"

"Aw, they're all screwed up."

"Well, I got a good piece of news for you," the German said. "I just came up from Corps where I heard Patton had driven a spearhead through the Jerry lines yesterday. He captured 11,000 Krauts and 230 enemy vehicles."

"Good," the American said.

"By the way, captain, do you have a cigarette?"

"Sure," the American officer said, pulling out a pack and offering it to his visitor.

"Thanks, captain," the English-speaking German in the American uniform called back as he started his jeep in the direction of the front lines, followed by the second jeep.

The American officer still insists his visitor spoke perfect English without an accent, used American idioms and slurred his suffixes like a born New Yorker. He claims almost anybody would have been taken in by the impostor. However, some of his fellow officers, who know the captain's bucolic background, are inclined to chalk it up as another case of a city slicker taking a small-town boy.

Regardless of any information the phony Americans may have carried back to the German lines, it didn't do the Nazis who were here much good. That night the 3d Battalion came up the valley and joined with elements of the 1st Battalion to clear the village, destroying one Mark IV tank and seven flakwagons in the process. The regiment was also credited with the first town in this sector —and possibly along the entire front—to be retaken from the Germans by assault since Von Rundstedt's counteroffensive began.

The joes in the regiment figure that's some solace for the 48-hour passes they didn't get to Paris —but not enough. Mark IV tanks are poor substitutes for G-stringed blondes at the Folies Bergere, and flakwagons and dead Germans will never take the place of champagne and cognac.

A winter sun has been shining the last couple of days and the snow on the hillsides has melted. But this village is still a far cry from the gayety and warmth of Paris. Its narrow, rubble-heaped streets are no brighter, its cold-looking houses and barns no merrier. Even the sun couldn't do that.

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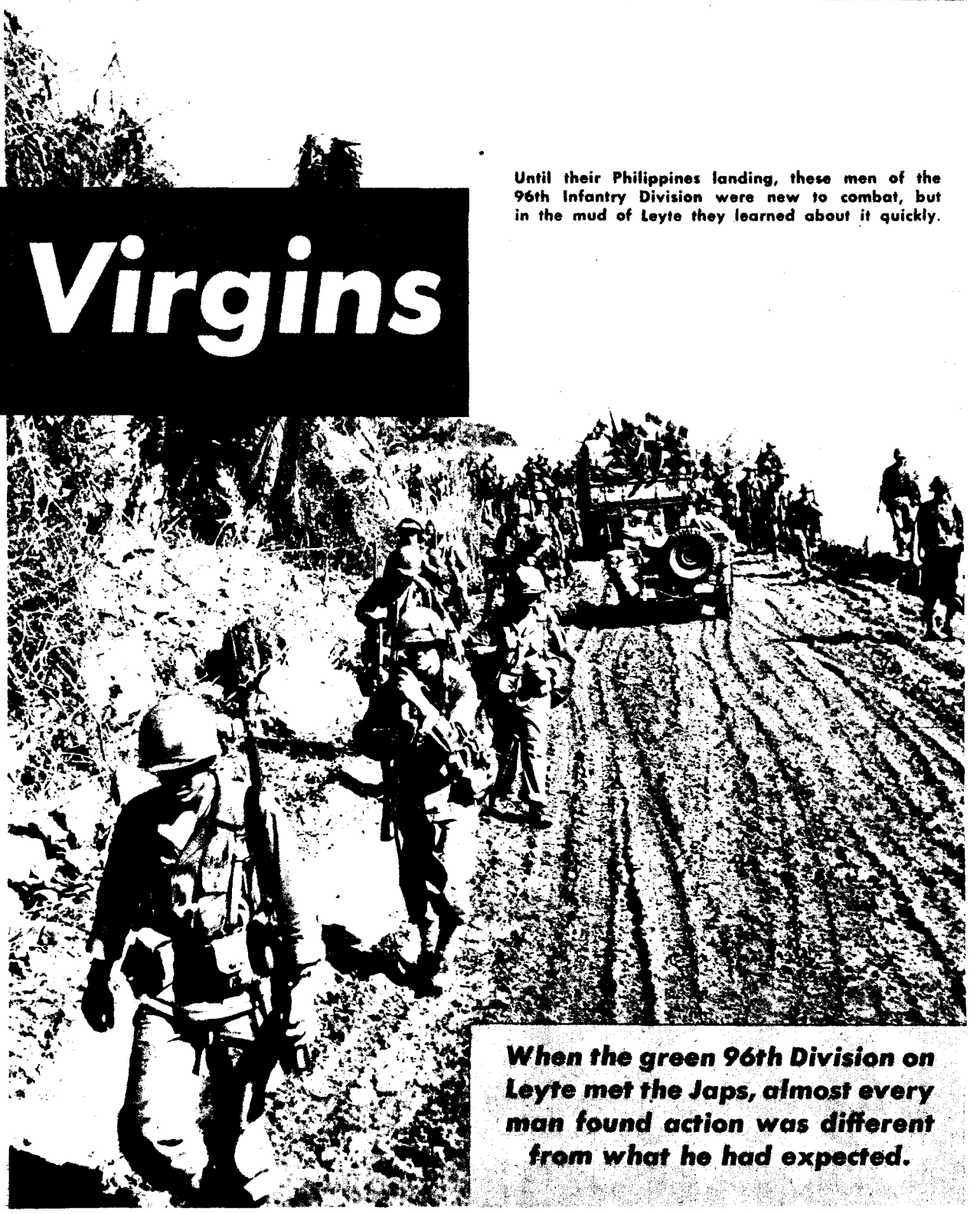
Combat Virgins



Until their Philippines landing, these men of the 96th Infantry Division were new to combat, but in the mud of Leyte they learned about it quickly.

When the green 96th Division on Leyte met the Japs, almost every man found action was different from what he had expected.

By Sgt. BARRETT McGURN
YANK Staff Correspondent

WITH THE 96TH DIVISION AT THE JAP MLR IN LEYTE VALLEY, THE PHILIPPINES — We slumped lower in the slit trench to get our heads below ground level. We were in an artillery-liaison hole with the infantry at the Jap MLR (main line of resistance) for Leyte Valley in the wooded foothills of the lofty Leyte Range.

In our hole we were talking about how combat differs from what new men expect. When they hit the beaches of Leyte, these GIs of the 96th Division saw action for the first time. The guys in this trench and at every other spot we visited along the front and behind the lines agreed that combat was not the way they had imagined it, despite all they had studied and heard—at least, combat with the Japs was not. Their opinion was about evenly divided as to whether combat was rougher or easier than they'd thought it would be, with maybe a slight edge for the easier. We slouched against the consoling earth in the hole and talked. The "pow-pow-pfew" of Jap sniper bullets cracked above us like toy caps.

"It's not as rough as I figured it was going to be," said Cpl. Hampton E. Hona of Phoenix, Ariz. "I don't think the Japs are as good fighters as they're cracked up to be. As long as you keep down, they can't hit you. It's just these guys that stand up and gawk around that get hit.

"The Japs are definitely fanatical. The third day they tried to attack a tank with knives. The tank backed up and mowed 'em down. Another group tried to pull a walking *banzai*. They came right up to our front lines night before last, about 400 yards from here. There were easily 100 Japs. We got 17 in front of one tommy gun. They were just walking up, firing an occasional shot and yelling their heads off. We only had three casualties."

"I think a guy's imagination works a hell of a lot more before he gets into combat than after he has been in it," said Cpl. Richard Boeck, an artillery observation scout from Des Plaines, Ill. "I know it was that way with me. I was more scared three days before I landed than I have been since. If a man could forget combat until he got into it, he'd be a lot better off. You imagine stuff a lot worse than it actually is."

A slice of sky was blotted out over us by heavy black smoke from a flame thrower.

"One of the things that surprised me," Boeck went on, "was the use of American equipment by the Japs. They had RCA radio equipment, Remington Rand ammunition and a lot of American Ford V-8 trucks."

"Over here is a Dodge bulldozer," Pfc. Oren Anderson of Decorah, Iowa, chipped in.

"The Japs had American fountain pens, too," said S/Sgt. Paul Cropper, a cook from Hoopeston, Ill., who had walked over after the flame throwing and the sniping stopped. "They even had Lux toilet soap," he added.

A chaplain came over with an addition for the list—an American .38 revolver. "They've been using some of our medical supplies, too," he said. "We found that out in Tabontabon."

Other men declared the Japs had Enfield bayonets from the last war and horses that could understand English and that might have come from cavalry stables around Manila. One man told how the Japs waylaid an American patrol but took only a diamond from an officer's ring and the medical kits from each man's belt. Others said the Japs were using captured M1s and carbines, as they had at Palau.

"When you hear the bullets whining, even if it sounds like our weapons, you better get down," Honaker said.

The conversation turned next to whether the Japs were smarter or dumber than had been expected. Cropper thought they were dumber. "This morning," he said, "a Jap out on the road there began setting up a knee mortar, muttering, 'Killum Americans, killum Americans.' The spot the Jap picked was on the edge of the *barrio* (small Filipino village) of Hiabanban, in the heart of the American positions. "We mowed him down," said Cropper. "He must have been battle happy."

A thin, low "pfew" slit the air again. "Gee, that was close," somebody said, sounding as if he didn't think it fair for the Japs to snipe any more, now that the flame thrower had been in action. A minute later we heard a "shew" sound above us. "Sounds like a piece of shrapnel," one man said. A few feet away the medical-aid station bestirred itself. Litter-bearers had brought in a soldier with a blood-spattered face and a hole between his eyes. The snipers had found a target. A doctor in a khaki undershirt bent over him, worked a few moments and then walked back past us.

"What did he do, Doc, die?"

"He's going to."

Except for a few medics who began giving the wounded man plasma on an off chance of saving him, the others in the area went back quietly to whatever they had been doing.

This was the first combat experience for Pvt. Luther Kinsey, even though he has 18 years in the Army behind him, including 25 days of prewar maneuvering on Bataan. He told what he found surprising. Just a short way from us as we talked—about half the distance from home plate to first—a soldier leaped forward and pitched a grenade at a half-hidden figure, then threw himself back and down to escape his own shrapnel. Jap infiltration attempts are often irrational.

"I'm surprised it isn't going faster," drawled Kinsey, who is bodyguard to the colonel of the 382d Infantry of the 96th Division. "I knew they were camouflaged and dug in, but I didn't know so few of them could hold up so many of us. I've talked to a lot of men who have been in combat before and they all told me you had to dig the Japs out. But I still thought we'd go faster."

FOR many men, the biggest surprise in their first combat against the Japs was to see how many of the renowned suicide fighters were willing to back down. "They're more cowardly than I figured they would be," said Pfc. Lewis Traugott of Versailles, Ky., a half-track driver in a motor pool so close to the hidden enemy that our artillery shells were bursting with bright red flashes scarcely beyond shrapnel range through the trees. Traugott had his first experience with the Japs on the march across Leyte Valley before we reached the MLR. "When you go in, they won't fight close," he said. "They like to sneak up. I haven't seen one come out in the open yet."

"They usually stay where they are and try to hide," said another GI. "They let you pass them."

"That's what they did today," a fourth said. "We went by them four times."

"I didn't expect them to holler for mercy on a *banzai* raid," said Sgt. Clarence Schulz of New Orleans, La. "One of them hollered, 'Don't shoot. Help me,' as he ran right up on a machine gun." And T-5 Paul Vanneste of Company A of the 382d told about a Jap sitting in the weeds in the battalion CP hollering: "Honorable general, honorable general!" Both these Japs were killed, the one on the *banzai* still clutching a rifle, and both were clothed.

"The only Japs we take prisoners are stripped," 1st Sgt. Thomas H. Goodwin of Mulberry, Ark., explained. Often, here as on Bougainville and in other campaigns, Japs pretending to surrender have sprung traps to kill those accepting the offer. Even Japs stripped to the loin cloth, a sort of diaper they wear, have been known to hold a grenade inside their crotch band.

"They cry and jabber like babies when they're hit," said T/Sgt. Theodore R. White of Fort Morgan, Colo. "And they're not a bit quiet at night. They talk like hell. Our orders are to stay silent along the front after dark. And I figured they'd get on a line and hold. Instead they're like a

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bunch of monkeys. They get in some trees and shoot a while, then run."

Sgt. White told of a time when some Japs pretended they were sleeping while he led his platoon through a group of Filipino thatch huts on a combat patrol. One Jap, however, didn't play possum. He looked Sgt. White squarely in the eye when White peered into a hut and cracked the pin on one of his grenades to arm it for throwing. "I shot him twice and ran," White said. "The grenade blew his whole arm off."

In that one day, the 38 men with White accounted for 25 Japs by searching from shack to shack.

But not all the Japs were lacking in bravery. GIs on this patrol who were getting their first view of the enemy found some Japs even bolder than expected, though their daring was the hopeless sort that achieves nothing but self-destruction.

In the rough fight for Tabontabon, which some GIs call "Bangbang" for short, one Jap calmly strode up to an American tank, tossed a light machine gun on top of it and then began climbing up after the gun as casually as if he were a GI hitching a ride on a 6x6. He was shot off before he got a leg up on the top.

Another Jap tried to climb up on an M7 and chose a remarkable route—up over the mouth of the gun. The crew was firing by peeking through the breech so they didn't see him when they let the next round go. If it had been an HE shell, the M7 would have blown up. Luckily it was a canister round—62 pounds of steel balls. The Jap was splattered over an area the size of a football field. Some men figured the Jap had actually planned to destroy the M7 by blocking a shell.

Two tired T-4s, Adam Ernst and Orval Enget, take 10 during muddy march to Leyte front.

but most thought he had been just punch drunk.

Most of our men were surprised to find so many wild marksmen on the enemy's side. "Everyone's been shot at 15 or 20 times, but casualties are very light," said a lieutenant in the 381st Infantry.

"That sniper fire—they told us we wouldn't pay any attention to it," White said. "We thought we would anyway, but you get so you don't bother. If you run, I don't think they can hit you.

"I had always expected that combat would be a constant battle all the time. Instead we just get shot at from time to time. Another thing I noticed was that the Japs won't open up until we open up ourselves. The noise of our rifles then drowns out the noise of theirs. Because of their smokeless powder we can't tell where they are unless we hear the crack of their rifles, so they stop shooting when we stop."

Sgt. Raymond E. Jennings of Murphysboro, Ill., squad leader in a rifle platoon of the 383d Infantry, worked out a plan to get Jap snipers. He studied the way the bullets were coming and figured out the only possible place from which they could be shot at that angle. Then he patiently watched that place. Once, after staring at a tree for half an hour, he saw a movement and fired. He knocked down a Jap sniper with his M1 at 200 yards. Another time he saw grass move where it shouldn't and killed another Jap.

White's reaction to enemy camouflage was not flattering. "I don't think the Japs are good on camouflage," he said. "I think we could be just as good in this grass. I could lay there and let them walk up on me, and my platoon, too."

T/Sgt. Earl B. Wright of Gibson City, Ill., an acting platoon leader in the 382d, didn't agree. "It's harder than you think, that camouflage," he said. "It's damn rough. They got camouflage nets with different colored grasses. But one thing they give themselves away on—wherever there's bamboo you'll find a gun emplacement. Whenever I move my men forward, I'm going to use glasses on bamboo."

Pfc. Norman D. Fiedler of New York also thought Jap camouflage good: "You can't see them. They build themselves a hole in the shape of a wine flask, narrow at the top and wider at the bottom. The artillery can't get them. The only way to get them is to go up with the infantry, man for man."

But Fiedler thought *banzai* charges were less terrible than they had sounded in the States. "To me a *banzai* attack is just a suicide attack," he said. "The Japs come running into you with rifles at high port, hollering: '*Banzai!* Kill the American!' Then all the machine guns and carbines open up around you. Nothing can come through that. You feel good when you see all those tracers."

Weather conditions in the Philippine swamps during the typhoon season were an unpleasant surprise to Fiedler. "That night we hit the beach, we started digging in swampy ground at 0530," he said. "About a half-hour later the Japs opened up with their mortars and artillery and were hitting all around us. Every time you dug out a shovelful of sand, the hole would fill up with a shovelful of water. And every time you heard a mortar shell whining, you stuck your face in the water. By the time it got dark, everybody was shoulder high in the water. We spent the whole night like that. During the night it got so cold we preferred being below water to being above it. The water warmed a little from our body heat, but if we moved we'd stir up cold water. So we sat motionless except for our chattering teeth."

From what they had heard, the GIs of the 96th expected the Japs to shoot about 18 inches off the ground, but instead they seemed to shoot mostly at hip level, possibly because troops here have been walking erect more than they have crept.

Pfc. Robert Bolen of Jackson, Ohio, an assistant BAR man in the 382d, listed the upright walking as his biggest surprise in combat. "On maneuvers," he said, "we used to crawl around on our bellies. Here in the front lines we stand up and walk around."

Jap wooden and paper bullets, equipped with full powder charges, surprised the GIs of the 96th. Some thought the bullets were just for target practice; others thought that since the bullets had only a 50-yard range they were fine for an infiltrating sniper, who could fire in any direction without danger of hitting his own men.

At Tabontabon, the Japs dug their honeycombed system of trenches and tunnels under deserted native thatch houses. It was tough to get at them until T/Sgt. Joseph K. Mock of Hutchinson, Kans., had a bright idea. He decided to try using the phosphorous smoke shells in an M7 to burn the grass huts down over the Japs' heads. That worked perfectly. Soon 80 percent of the Jap cover had been destroyed.

The Jap attitude toward medics, litter-bearers and wounded was worse than most men expected. The Jap tactic, as on Palau, was to hit a man, wait for a medic to come to help him and then clip the medic. Five litter-bearers were killed in one brief action along the MLR, and once a wounded soldier had to fire from his stretcher.

Pfc. Joseph DeVito of Chicago, Ill., told how a squad went up after six American dead and were reaching for their dog tags when the Japs, who had evidently been lying in wait near the bodies, opened up with automatic weapons. Because there was an American company in the woods behind the Japs, the squad couldn't return the enemy fire and had to withdraw, leaving the dead behind. Once T-5 Homer V. Carlson of Rockford, Ill., a chaplain's assistant, had to put aside his religious chores and do some quick firing with his M1 as his chaplain bent over some dead.

Pfc. Frank Williams of Oklahoma City, Okla., said that another chaplain had given the best summing up of combat with the Japs: "The chaplain told us that he was surprised to learn you can cuss and pray at the same time."

Their jeep stuck in mud, [illegible]

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KANDY'S BRIDAL PARADISE SHOP RATES A GRIN FROM RICKSHAW-BORNE T-4s BETTE JANE OLER AND ADALINE WRIGHT AS THEY TAKE A SPIN THROUGH THE TO

FARTHEST from home of all Wacs are the girls who pound typewriters in Admiral Lord Louis Mountbatten's headquarters in Kandy, Ceylon. Ceylon is a colorful island off the southeast coast of India, a source of crude rubber for the United Nations. Sgt. Dave Richardson of YANK photographed these Wacs seeing the sights of the town.

BEFORE ENTERING THE TEMPLE OF THE TOOTH, T-3 BETTY LOU MEEKER AND T-4 WRIGHT REMOVE GI SHOES ACCORDING TO RELIGIOUS CUSTOM

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T-3 IRENE KELLEY LEAVES "WRENNERY," WHERE WACS LIVE WITH BRITISH WRENS WHO WORK WITH THEM.

T-3 MEEKER AND T-4 WRIGHT ENLIST THE AID OF SOME KANDY GIRLS AS THEY INSPECT ANCIENT ARCHITECTURE.

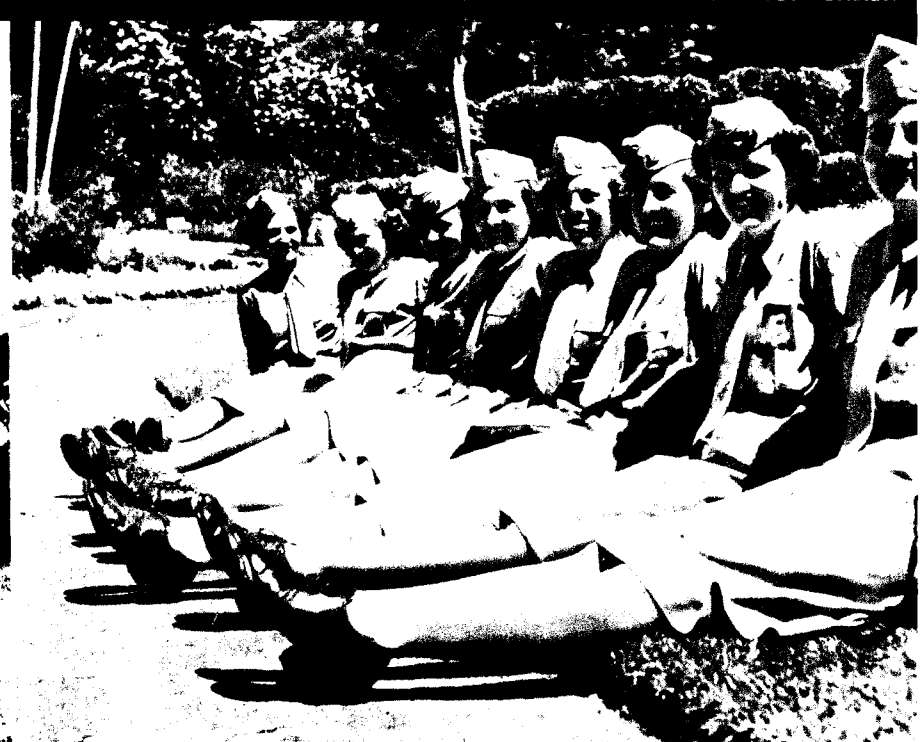
NOT MAPLE SYRUP BUT PRECIOUS RUBBER OOZES FROM TREE. T-4 WRIGHT AND T-3 MEEKER LOOK ON.

IF THEY'RE NOT DISCUSSING MEN, IT'S BECAUSE T-4 HELEN COON SPEAKS ENGLISH, HER FRIENDS SINNHALESE.

T-4s WRIGHT AND OLER BARGAIN WITH A MERCHANT FOR SILK. IT WILL MAKE UP INTO LOVELY DRESSING GOWNS.

SGT. JEAN KLANSNIC AND T-4 COON RIDE ELEPHANTS, BUT THE ELEPHANTS ARE JUST BABIES.

CEYLON HAS EVERYTHING. GOLFING GIVES THE GIRLS A CHANCE TO TEST THEIR FORM. THE REST OF THE SIGHT-SEEING PARTY KIBITZES AS ONE LESS-SHY MEMBER WINDS UP FOR A DRIVE.



IN THE ROYAL BOTANIC GARDENS WHICH BOAST THE BIGGEST FLOWERS IN THE WORLD, THE GIRLS GIVE THEIR DOGS A REST. THEY DO SO VERY PHOTOGENICALLY.

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Discharged Athletes

Dear YANK:

We would like to know what the hell is going on at home. Who the hell is running this draft business—a bunch of bums? On your Sports page I see where Ray Robinson has been discharged and shortly afterward won a two-round knock-out. Ike Williams and all those other trick-knee artists have also been discharged. We have a man in our company that has a broken hip and others that are twice as old as Ike Williams, Ray Robinson and all those other so-called civilian morale builders. Let's cut this out before some of us go sour on sports. If they have to do what they're doing, keep it out of the news. What we don't know won't itch us.

India —Cpl. DONALD JOHNSON*

*Also signed by T-5 Falzerano

■ A new War Department policy says: "The discharge of able-bodied prominent figures to permit them to participate in activities not considered to be essential to the national health, safety or interest cannot be justified to the general public. While it is not intended to discriminate against any group . . . , cases involving discharge of nationally prominent athletes, stage, screen, radio stars and so forth, which might occasion criticism of the War Department discharge policies, will be referred to the War Department for final examination." In addition James F. Byrnes, director of the Office of War Mobilization, has asked Selective Service to review the qualifications of all professional athletes not now in uniform. Athletes who have been discharged, as well as those who have been given deferments, should be called up for another physical examination, Mr. Byrnes said.

"Bronze Stars or Better"

Dear YANK:

I'm left wondering by T-5 Larry Nash's suggestion [in a letter in *Mail Call*] that only those with "bronze stars or better" be allowed to wear a decoration ribbon. Would that gentleman require winners of Purple Hearts, Silver Stars, etc., to repeat the process so he could rate a bit of fruit salad?

Italy —T/Sgt. L. E. RIZOR

China Credit

Dear YANK:

After reading your article, "What It's Like for China GIs," we of the —— Troop Carrier Squadron would like to know why ATC is always given credit for flying the China Theater? In any article written on China flying, ATC is always given credit.

ATC does very little flying in China. Our transport section is flying all the supplies to advanced bases in China and doing practically all the evacuating in China, except when it is out of our hands. On several instances ATC has come in at the last moment to help us, thus trying to take all the credit.

ATC flies supplies over the Hump and we fly them to advanced bases. We fly from sunup to sundown, but sometimes our planes are grounded for lack of supplies. If they cannot keep us supplied, they are just wasting good time. Maybe they would like us to help them fly the Hump too.

China The —— Troop Carrier Squadron

Dear YANK:

"What It's Like for China GIs" was a good article but it seems to me that you've forgotten the good old AAA. We not only shoot 'em down but act as Infantry, Artillery, and many etc's. Although our part is small, we were the first American ground unit to go into combat with the Chinese and did a good job too.

How about putting the AAA in with the liaison, intelligence and communications men who are up front with the Chinese?

China —Lt. ROGER W. LEITCH

Retreat in Palau

Dear YANK:

Just read an article in your magazine about some guys who are standing retreat on Kwajalein. Hell, we're doing it on Angaur, but we have our movies stopped after a few feet of film to get out of sniper fire. Hell, we expect a full dress parade one of these days. Give us strength; you can't win.

Palau —Sgt. A. E. WILLIAMS

Bread on the Waters

Dear YANK:

I thought you might be interested in this little incident which happened to us while in combat somewhere in the Philippines. Ours is a combat photo unit, made up of one officer and four enlisted men, whose mission is to photographically cover landings and invasions in this area. Up to the present date our unit has seen action in the Solomons, New Guinea and the Philippines.

Our unit, shortly after landing in the Philippines, found some Japanese photographic chemicals and set up a small photo darkroom in an abandoned Japanese air-raid shelter. A medical sergeant, hearing of this, requested us to develop a roll of ordinary box-camera film for him. Having no facilities for printing the film, we were only able to develop the roll, but the sergeant was very pleased and to show his gratitude he presented us with a bed sheet.

Noticing the sorry plight of some Filipino neighbors of ours whom the Japs had stripped of all their clothing and household goods, we presented this family with the bed sheet. The following day, the head of the family brought over a small monkey, which

MAIL CALL

he insisted we keep to show his gratitude for the bed sheet, which, by now, clothed most of his family.

Shortly thereafter, our unit boarded a naval vessel to return to our rear-echelon base for a much-needed rest. The sailors aboard ship soon became very attached to our little pet, which we had dubbed Hypo, and soon were making offers for Hypo's sale. We were most reluctant to part with our new-found pet, having ourselves become very attached to him, but they were very insistent, and before nightfall Hypo's ante had risen to $100. By the next morning Hypo was worth $150. Seeing how badly the crew wanted the monkey and considering the possibility of losing Hypo on our next combat mission, we finally parted with him for $150 to a very joyous crew of our ship.

We got $150 for developing one roll of film!

New Guinea —Cpl. WILLIAM S. LEVY

Home-State Patch

Dear YANK:

I think it would be a good idea if all the American soldiers were allowed to wear a small patch with the name of their state on it. It doesn't have to be more than one-half inch wide and curved to fit the top of the sleeve at the right shoulder. It would be an easy way to meet soldiers from your own home state.

India —Pvt. LEO NAHAS*

*Also signed by three others.

Dextrose Dandies

Dear YANK:

We read Pfc. Harry Moore's griping letter about those dextrose tablets. We can't understand why he doesn't like them. We over here in the Pacific think they are the most delicious part of the K rations. We wonder if he has ever tried dissolving them in water. It makes a drink more delicious than any milk shake you have ever tasted.

Dextrose tablets are just the thing for foxhole worries and combat-fatigued infantrymen. We have been eating them as long or longer than he has and so far have found nothing to compare with them. We are known as the Dextrose Dandies. We are more contented with them than we are with candies.

New Caledonia —Pfc. J. L. HILL*

* Also signed by five others.

Germans vs. Japs

Dear YANK:

In an interview in YANK, Maj. Gen. J. L. Collins said that the Jap is tougher than the German and even the fanatical *SS* troops can't compare with the Jap. I fought against the krautheads and they're plenty tough. Put 10 fanatical Japs up against 10 fanatical krautheads and see what happens.

The general said they had nice straw in their slit trenches in France and living conditions weren't too bad. Well, me or none of my buddies had straw or any such luxuries on the snow-topped mountains in Italy. And furthermore we were under a constant artillery barrage.

From what I gather from the South Pacific (that is, from what the fellows who were there told me), the Japs haven't the artillery or the air force the Germans have, so you aren't being strafed by the *Luftwaffe* all the time. . . .

Fort Benning, Ga. —Pvt. HOWARD L. GREGORY

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Dear YANK:

This is in reply to a letter in your paper by Pvt. Daniel R. Wueschinski of Camp Robinson saying that Little Rock has an ordinance which forbids servicemen to walk down the street hand in hand with their sweethearts or to kiss their wives in public. The statements are absurd.

A very few of the Camp Robinson soldiers and their girls conducted themselves in public places in so raw a manner that the City Council decided something would have to be done. Since there was no ordinance covering the situation, the council passed one which penalized lewd and lascivious conduct. The regular police never have made an arrest under this ordinance. The auxiliary police, composed of citizens who, without pay, aid the badly crippled Police Department, made a few arrests at first, probably overzealously. Value of the ordinance is that it enables police to threaten arrest of civilians and servicemen behaving in an unseemly manner unless they quit such conduct.

I believe there is no city where relations between servicemen and civilians are more cordial than in Little Rock.

I would appreciate it if you could print this. I am tired of answering letters from indignant servicemen who enclose clippings of Pvt. Wueschinski's silly letter.

Little Rock, Ark. —CLYDE DEW, Managing Editor

Overseas Pay

Dear YANK:

In reference to an article in *Mail Call* written by one Pfc. W. H. Price, his statement about overseas pay reduction of 20 percent after returning from overseas duty is definitely absurd. After reading this article we're sure boiled over. Any person returning to Shangri-La should be more than happy to take a reduction in pay. We aren't fighting this war to make money, we are fighting to get back to our loved ones that mean more to us than money. We have been in combat for 19 months, not including our total time overseas, and expect to be leaving for home after not less than another 6 to 9 months of combat duty. We will gladly exchange pay reductions and living conditions with this Pfc. W. H. Price.

Burma —S/Sgt. R. Le GRAND*

*Also signed by four others.

The Lion's Share

Dear YANK:

Back in the States you hear a lot about the energies expended and trouble taken to supply the troops overseas. Yet who gets the lion's share of the food, the PX supplies and the entertainment? Who receives regular mail and packages from home? The Quartermaster Corps, Ordnance, Finance and all the other guys who never saw combat, nor ever will see the front line.

If the Army takes such pains to get the stuff over here, why doesn't it use a little more energy and see to it that these items get to the guys who really need and deserve them—i.e., the guys who are doing the fighting?

Belgium —Pvt. BALFOUR PEISNER*

*Also signed by 39 others.

Discharge Clothes

Dear YANK:

One of the biggest expenses a newly discharged soldier has is civilian clothes. Not many GIs are going to return home and find their pre-war clothes serviceable. A lot of fellows have grown and put on weight. The clothes won't fit, they are out of style, the moths have gotten them or the kid brother is wearing them. In any event the veteran is going to want, and should have, new clothes. It will mean a great deal in looking for a job, and will add to his personal well-being.

The $200 or $300 a discharged veteran receives isn't going to last long if he starts putting it on his back. Therefore, I suggest that over and above mustering-out pay, each honorably discharged serviceman (or woman) be given a credit of $250 for civilian clothes. Some system could be worked out whereby script or a credit certificate would be issued, valid only for clothing. This would mean that every veteran would face the world well groomed and still have enough money to last till he gets a job. . . .

Washington, D. C. —T/Sgt. RICHARD MOSHER

Wacs Overseas

Dear YANK:

One Pvt. Art Greenstein of Casper, Wyo., is singing the blues in *Mail Call* because some Wacs are going overseas. No doubt the civilized world, as far as our hero Pvt. Greenstein is concerned, has become somewhat of a bore.

Confidentially, YANK, I wish the Navy would let Arthur come out to this God-forsaken sandbar. He can have my 20-percent extra pay and for good measure I'll throw in my strait jacket. I've only been living a hermit's life for 12 months now and would like nothing better than to be transferred to a nice quiet place like Casper, Wyo.

If the Wacs are going overseas, why not send them here? Hmmmm!

FPO, San Francisco —AUSTIN T. DORSEY SC1c

Rotation

Dear YANK:

The rotation here (if you don't know already) is 24 months and then some more. I've only been overseas 17 months and I'm not starting to gripe about rotation yet; however, when my time comes, I most certainly will.

While stationed on Bora-Bora (in the Society Island group) I saw many a ship pull into the harbor and, talking to many of the personnel on these ships, I was told they were heading back to the States empty. Yet there were men on Bora-Bora who had spent 30 months and over on that one small island. Is this fair to these men who've been overseas so long?

Another thing is this. The rotation quota on this island is seven men per month. I remember one month seven men were waiting for any available transportation to come in and when it finally did arrive, there were 200 New Zealand girls (wives of soldiers, I guess) aboard it. There was no room for those seven men who had spent 30 months on that one small island. Do you think seven men would have made much difference on that ship? I'm sure they would have been too willing to sleep on deck regardless of the weather.

Another thing. Do you think it's fair to the fellers here to spend two years overseas before they are eligible for rotation when across on the other side (where men are getting furloughs, wine, women and song) they only have to stay 18 months before they are rotated. Here, if we're lucky enough to get a furlough, where could we go? To the next island?

When the War Department promises a soldier a furlough or rotation, we don't want a song and dance about shipping facilities, etc. If we can't get action, we'd prefer not to hear the promises.

New Caledonia —Pfc. DOMINIC A. PAGLIARULO*

*Also signed by seven others.

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Storm Out of the Aleutians

By Cpl. VERNE O. WILLIAMS

THE flight-control sergeant on a heavy bomber field sees a lot of funny things, but one of the biggest surprises I ever had came the night Maj. Jeremiah Cartwright II was flight-control officer.

When I saw the major's name on the operations schedule I figured that any guy with a name like that was a snob. But that night when we were sweating that last Liberator in from the bombing range I sort of changed my mind.

When I came back from Weather, in the other end of Base Operations, it was about 7 o'clock on one of those still, late-summer evenings in Kansas. The major was sitting with his feet propped on the desk, looking at the Fortresses on the ramp.

"There's a front moving in from the north," I said, "and the weather officer says we'll have gusts of 35 to 50 miles an hour." The major knew weather, being just back from the Aleutians, and I could tell he didn't like the report.

"Sergeant," he ordered, "call the control tower and tell them the field is closed until further notice." I clicked the intercom set and yelled up to the Wac in the tower. Then the major wanted to know where all our ships were. He could have seen the wall-high blackboard with the missions all chalked out as well as I could, but he was looking out through the window at the cloud in the northwest.

First on the board were a couple of B-24s flying a formation round robin to Kansas City, but they weren't due in for more than four hours. A B-17 was coming in from California, but he was well behind this local front moving across Kansas. But there was a Liberator that had left at 1800, an hour ago, for the badlands gunnery and bombing range. I called them all off to Maj. Jeremiah Cartwright II, and he stood there looking out the window at the blackness creeping down from the north.

"Ever see a crack-up, sergeant? he asked, still looking out at the sky above the narrow concrete landing strips that ran like white ribbons across a dark-green carpet.

"Well, sir," I said, "we've had some close ones since I've been here, but the boys always got them down in one piece." The major was looking north at the fading horizon, and I could tell he was thinking of something maybe a long way off.

"It was tricky up in the islands," he said. "That's where these fronts begin. Weather officers can only guess and pilots can only pray. You'd aim your wheels for the strip of mud we called a field, and then you'd pray for the wind to be quiet a couple of seconds while your wheels skidded onto the mats at 100 miles an hour——"

Then the intercom set clicked and I never heard the rest. The Wac's voice came over the speaker from up in the control tower and I knew that Flight Control was in for it.

"Ship 1330," she said, "requests permission to return to the field. One motor out." That was the Liberator loaded with bombs for the bad lands practice range. The major had trouble now, all right. A four-engined bomber can't land on just any field, and the rest of our Kansas fields were as closed as we were.

But the major turned to me and said: "Have the tower give him the weather and tell him to fly above it until we're open again." I yelled it up to the tower, but I had a hunch it wasn't going to be as easy as that. The major stood outside glaring at the north as though he could turn that ink-black pile of cumulo-nimbus back to the Bering Sea.

The ground crews were running all over the ramp, tying down the parked Forts and Liberators, when the tower Wac snapped through again on the intercom set. "Ship 1330 reports inboard port motor on fire. He's about 30 minutes out from the field." And Weather had said that the storm would hit us in about half an hour. The major couldn't turn a Liberator full of 500-pound demolition stuff loose on the countryside. And if she piled up out there on the runway, there wouldn't be anything left but a big hole and pieces of Liberator scattered all around it.

I went out where the major was holding silent communion with the storm and told him the sad story. That was my first surprise. Maj. Jeremiah Cartwright II turned a pale green and sagged like I'd slugged him in the belly. He was in a tough spot, but it was tougher for the 10 men sitting all alone in the sky with a fire breathing down their necks and a load of 500-pound live bombs under them for seat cushions.

The thick cloud sheet to the north leaned over the field like a heavy blanket being drawn over a bed. The major turned from the north to the south a couple of times, as if he were watching a tennis game, and the lines in his face were too heavy for a man in his prime.

He walked into Operations and came back with the weather officer. They stood outside looking at the sky as though they didn't believe the cold numbers on the charts hanging under the big blue fluorescents in Weather. The weather officer was waving his hands at places in the leaning cloud sheet and looking at the major. He didn't need to tell the major what was inside one of those thunderheads; they were old acquaintances of Jeremiah Cartwright II.

Then there was a ripping crash of thunder out on the north edge of the field, and our lights were out. I'd seen that happen before and I knew I'd be probably working by flashlight the rest of the night. I could still make out the ship numbers and stuff chalked on the wall blackboard, but the storm had absorbed the still hour-high sun until you couldn't even tell its direction out across the runways.

Pretty soon Weather went hurriedly back to his charts and the major came walking slowly in. I figured his mind was made up, and it was. "Sergeant," he said, slowly like a judge, "order the pilot to have his crew bail out, except"—and he paused—"except for the co-pilot. He'll need him at the other wheel when that black thing outside gets hold of the ship."

I passed it on to the tower. I figured the major didn't give the pilots even a 50-50 chance of getting her down in one piece when he ordered the crew to float out all over the Kansas countryside. I could see that he was thinking what might be left of one of those numerous little Kansas towns if that flying bomb were abandoned to hunt its own landing strip.

We stood there at the window, Maj. Cartwright and I, sweating that ship in from the south and watching the storm flanking us from the north. The major's face was drawn and haggard, and then his lips moved. I thought it sounded like, "The colonel would want it that way," and I wondered if he were talking to me.

"Who, sir?" I asked.

By the surprised look on his face I knew he'd been talking to himself without realizing it. "Oh," he said, "my grandfather, Col. Jeremiah Cartwright. He was killed at Gettysburg leading a hopeless charge against the Union guns. He left a line to his son scrawled with a saber tip in the dirt where he fell: 'Soldiers never quit.' No Cartwright ever has."

I didn't see what the colonel had to do with the problem we had.

Then we heard the siren wailing and we knew the tower must have picked up the ship down in the south. The major and I ran outside. We couldn't see anything but dark clouds to the south, and big drops of rain spattered in our faces when we turned north.

The ambulance went wailing out to the edge of the north-south runway and behind it came the heavy foam truck with its huge sprinkler. Then came the procession of crash trucks, the fire engines and the clee-tracks, looking like little tanks. Headings flashed brightly among the hangars up and down the line as ground-crewmen climbed into jeeps and rode out among the parked planes to watch the runway. I could see men scurrying out from the hangars by the blue sort of light that was still left in the south, but it was inky black overhead and in the north.

The major and I had to stay there in front of Flight Control in case the tower called us, but I thought for a minute that he was going to flag down a jeep that came flashing by, headed for the procession of headlights lined up like a spectators' gallery at the far edge of the ramp. Red warning lights flashed from all the trucks waiting out there. They'd be streaking for the bomber almost before it touched the ground. Then I noticed that the major was looking intently into the blackness over the field.

"Sergeant," he yelled, "see there by that lighter patch of cloud? Isn't that a ship's red running light?" That was no ship's running light; that was a motor and half a wing glowing like the coil in an electric heater.

BEFORE I felt it I could hear the wind pelting the big drops of rain on the tin hangar roofs in a staccato drum roll. It moaned through the props and mooring lines of the parked planes and hit the field like a right uppercut. The flashing red lights on the edge of the ramp began to move toward the south edge of the runway, then stopped uncertainly. The ship didn't make any approach turn but came sliding down out of the sky like a falling rocket. And then the major was running like mad toward the runway 300 yards out and I was trailing crazily after him.

Dodging the wing tip of a parked Fort, I didn't see the ship when it pulled up and leveled off neatly at the end of the runway, but I felt the wind slacken and the air grow still. The major stopped running, and I saw his lips moving as if he were talking to the storm.

I watched that Liberator with the blazing red eye in the port wing come into a sea of dead-calm air. She sat down heavily with a little lurch as if she were glad to be home, and a big sigh went up all over that field. But it was only the wind coming back as if it had never been gone, and it took over the field with a screaming howl.

The foam truck landed on the blazing motor with a white frothy steam almost before the ship had stopped rolling. And the major stood there in the darkness with his shirt bellying full of air and the far-off look in his eyes again.

A little later I sat in the dark, silent office by the big blackboard, copying from the Liberator's flight plan into the emergency-landing book we had to keep. I figured I'd better enter the co-pilot's name as well as the pilot's, and I shone the flashlight down the crew list. Then I understood something I hadn't understood before.

Clear and plain in the flashlight's glow I read, "Jerry Cartwright III, 2d Lt, Co-pilot." I could almost see what Maj. Cartwright's son would look like: tall and straight and born to fly.

"Sergeant," he ordered, "call the control tower and tell them the field is closed until further notice."

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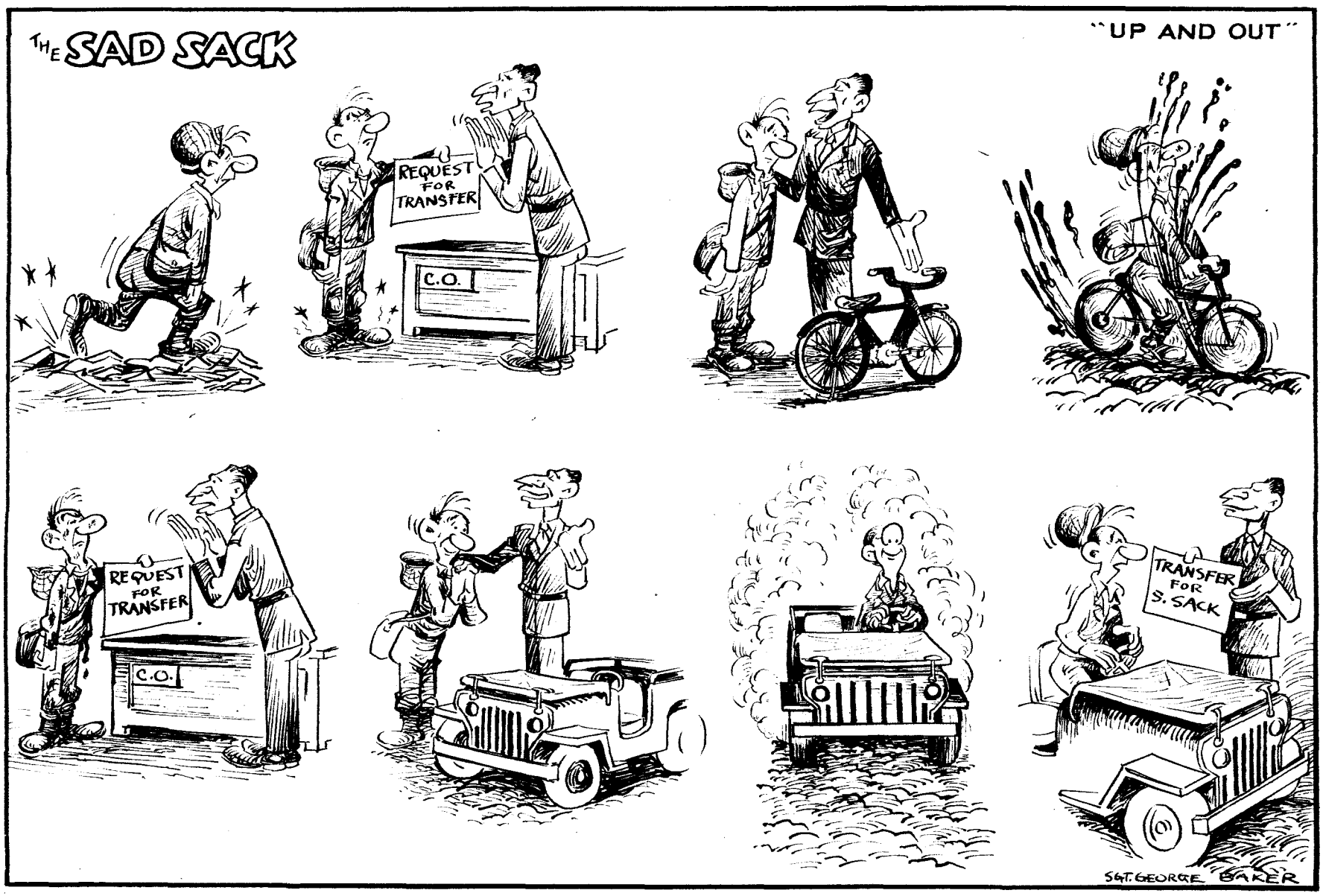

What's Your Problem?

Letters to this department should bear writer's full name, serial number and military address.

Too Tall?

Dear YANK:

I am 6 feet 7 inches tall and I cannot seem to get placed in any branch or outfit where I fit. When I was drafted they put down my height as 6 feet 4 inches, and I have never been able to get it changed.

I have never been issued any clothing that comes within inches of fitting. I have bought all my class A clothes in order to get off the post on a pass. Since the OD season came on I've been confined to the post because I do not have a proper-fitting uniform.

Is there any way I can be discharged on account of my height?

Fort Monmouth, N. J. —(Name Withheld)

■ You may be eligible for a discharge under the provisions of *WD Cir. No. 370 (1944)*, which states that men who are presently below the physical standards for induction and for whom no suitable assignment exists may be discharged. According to paragraph 13 of *MR 1-9*, men who are over 78 inches in height are not acceptable for service. That extra inch may get you out.

State Bonuses

Dear YANK:

One of the boys here says that a number of states are giving returning soldiers $10 for every month over six months they have spent in the Army. Can you tell us which states have voted bonuses for their veterans?

France —S/Sgt. MELVIN RAND

■ The only states which have voted cash bonuses for returning GIs are Vermont and New Hampshire. Both states pay off on the basis of length of service. The maximum paid by New Hampshire is $100; by Vermont, $120.

Maternity Care

Dear YANK:

My wife, an American citizen, is now living with her parents in Canada. One of the reasons she is in Canada is that she expects a baby next spring and prefers being with her folks at that time. Will she be able to get the maternity benefits under the Emergency Maternity and Infants' Care Plan while she is there? If so, how does she apply for this care?

Italy —Pvt. WILLIAM POSTEN

■ Your wife will not be able to get EMIC care while she is in Canada. Maternity benefits under EMIC are administered by the individual states and can be granted to a GI's wife only if she is in the United States.

Merchant Marine Ribbons

Dear YANK:

I served in the Merchant Marine before joining the Navy. Now I wonder if I can wear my Merchant Marine ribbons on my Navy uniform without violating regulations. Can I?

FPO, San Francisco —JAMES R. BENSON S2c

■ You can. The November issue of the *Information Bulletin of the Bureau of Personnel, U. S. Navy*, states that such ribbons may be worn by Navy personnel who earned them while serving in the Merchant Marine. Army personnel are also authorized to wear such ribbons, according to *WD Cir. No. 328 (1943)*.

Insurance and Pensions

Dear YANK:

I have been having an argument over my GI insurance, and I sure would appreciate it if you'd set me straight. I contend that if I am killed in action my wife gets not only a monthly payment on my insurance but also a widow's pension. My buddy says that in such a case my wife would get only the insurance money, because the insurance cuts off any possibility of a pension. Which of us is right?

Hawaii —Cpl. JACK DERRING

■ You are right. No matter how much insurance a GI has, his wife gets a widow's pension if he is killed in action. One thing has nothing to do with the other, and the GI who has the foresight to buy National Service Life Insurance is only giving his family added protection.

Points for Wives

Dear YANK:

In all the articles on demobilization I notice that points will be given for dependents but none of them say just how many points a wife rates. Can you tell me how many points are given for a wife and what the other items are that count toward point credits under the plan?

Alaska —Pvt. GEORGE STANLEY

■ No points will be given for a wife. The only dependents who rate points are children. To date there has been no official announcement of the number of points that will be given for any of the items credited under the plan.

Rank and Schooling

Dear YANK:

A few weeks ago I appeared before an OCS board and I hear that I may really get a chance to go to OCS in a short while. However, since then I have heard that commissioned officers do not get in on the benefits of the GI Bill of Rights and I have begun to wonder whether I should go through with my OCS application. Is it a fact that officers cannot get free schooling under the GI Bill of Rights?

Britain —(Name Withheld)

■ Your information is not correct. Officers have the same right to the benefits of the GI Bill of Rights as enlisted men. Rank is no bar to these rights once you get your discharge and become a veteran.

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STRICTLY GI

New Award

A NEW service award has been authorized for soldiers who participate in a combat parachute jump, glider landing or initial assault on a hostile shore. The device is a bronze Indian arrowhead ¼-inch high, to be worn point upward on the theater-service ribbon. Only one arrowhead may be worn on any ribbon.

Organization commanders will forward recommendations to the theater commander as soon as practicable after the action. Eligible individuals who no longer belong to the organization with which the award was earned may obtain an arrowhead by submitting an affidavit to their present commanding officer.

Returns From Overseas

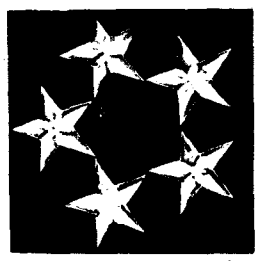
Between 70,000 and 80,000 soldiers are being returned from overseas each month on rotation and temporary leave. The Secretary of War revealed those figures in a reply to U. S. Sen. Guy Cordon of Oregon who had transmitted a petition from Oregon requesting return of the 41st Division, which has been in the Southwest Pacific more than two years. The secretary said that 750,000 men have thus been returned home since Pearl Harbor and that the Army cannot increase this rate "at least until the defeat of Germany."

New Air Headquarters

A new air headquarters, decentralizing the command functions of the four Stateside air forces and the First Troop Carrier Command, has been activated at Camp Springs Air Field, 11 miles southeast of Washington, D. C. Known as Headquarters, Continental Air Forces, the new installation will be responsible for the air defense of the U. S., for joint air-ground training and for the training and deployment overseas of combat crews.

Five-Star Insignia

The new insignia for the rank of General of the Army consists of five silver five-pointed stars, each star ⅜ inch in diameter, with the inner points touching each other to form a small pentagon. Those entitled to wear the new insignia are Gen. George C. Marshall, chief of staff; Gen. Douglas MacArthur, Far East forces commander; Gen. H. H. Arnold, Air Forces Commander, and Gen. Dwight D. Eisenhower, supreme commander of the Allied forces in Europe.



General's Insignia

Admiral's Flag

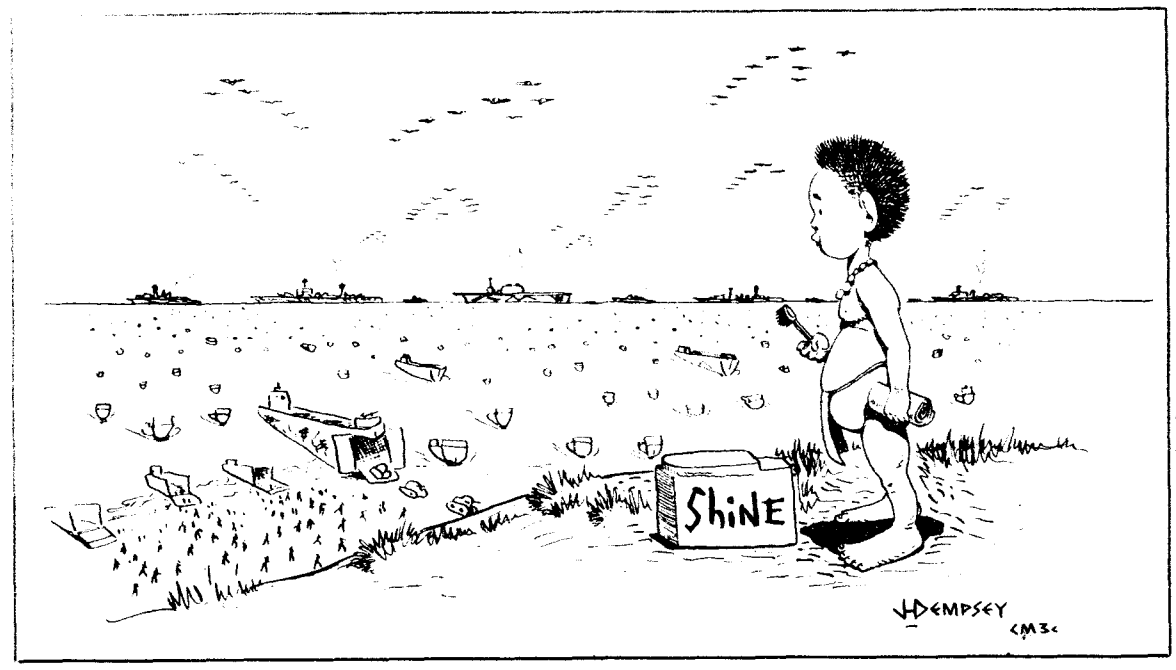
A five-star flag and an extra sleeve stripe have been authorized for the new rank of Admiral of the Fleet. Admirals promoted to the new rank are Ernest J. King, commander in chief of the fleet and chief of naval operations; Chester W. Nimitz, commander in chief of the Pacific Fleet, and William D. Leahy, chief of staff to the Commander in Chief.

Post-War Military Training

The War Department favors post-war universal military training for purely combat purposes, according to a circular distributed to officers.

In support of its proposal, the WD stated: "America probably will be the initial objective of the aggressors in any next war, and the first engagements of that war will quite possibly be fought in our own homeland. . . . There will be no place in a sound universal military-training program for activities that are nonessential to the task of preparing our young men for combat."

To provide officers for this reserve army, the WD plans to use colleges and universities as well as the existing officer-candidate schools. Military correspondence courses would also be offered.



Unit Citations

Citations in the name of the President have been awarded to the following organizations as evidence of deserved honor and distinction:

61st Troop Carrier Group	436th Troop Carrier Group
313th Troop Carrier Group	437th Troop Carrier Group
314th Troop Carrier Group	438th Troop Carrier Group
315th Troop Carrier Group	439th Troop Carrier Group
316th Troop Carrier Group	440th Troop Carrier Group
434th Troop Carrier Group	441st Troop Carrier Group
435th Troop Carrier Group	442d Troop Carrier Group

Chinese-American Wing

In one afternoon recently, 16 planes of the Chinese-American Composite Wing of the Fourteenth Air Force, operating in China, shot down five Jap bombers and 11 fighters, destroyed four Jap bombers on the ground, blew up a locomotive, destroyed a trainload of gasoline, shot up three railroad cars crammed with Jap troops, strafed a 60-foot gunboat and damaged a motor launch. U. S. pilots on the mission got 7½ of the planes. Chinese pilots the remaining 12½. A Jap bomber attack, scheduled for that night, was thus reduced to a lone sortie by one surviving bomber, which dropped its load in the middle of a rice paddy and fled.

WAC Recruiting

WAC recruiting will be pushed in 1945 because of an urgent need for hospital technicians and specialists in many other fields. High casualties and a critical shortage of Army nurses have created a need for several thousand more medical and surgical technicians. There is also a demand for Wacs with specialized skills, including clerical workers, typists, stenographers, tabulating-machine operators, radio operators, control-tower operators, parachute riggers and cryptographers.

Japanese Exclusion Revoked

Loyal Japanese-Americans whose records have stood up under two years of careful Army scrutiny have been allowed to return from relocation centers to their West Coast homes. Those returned will be given the same freedom of movement throughout the United States as is permitted other law-abiding citizens and loyal aliens. The WD pointed to the outstanding record of Japanese soldiers fighting for the U. S. in Italy, France and the Pacific as a proof that the judgment of the rescinding order was sound.

Washington OP

Rockets. The increasing importance of rockets in this war is shown to some extent by a recent report from the OWI. The Army placed its first orders for rockets in 1941; during 1942 it had $1 million worth of rocket contracts, and in 1943 the rocket-production program soared 2,400 percent. During 1945 the Army will be spending $12 million per month on rocket ammunition alone, and by the second quarter of 1945 the Navy's expenditure for rocket ammo will be run to $100 million per month, or as much as it is now spending for all types of naval ammunition.

The reason rockets are getting to be so popular with the Army can be seen in a report from the China and Burma-India Theaters, where P-51 Mustangs, each carrying six 4.5-inch rockets, were credited, after firing 290 rounds, with the following destruction: six large warehouses, 12 medium-sized warehouses, one foundry, four locomotives, 10 Jap planes and two river boats, plus damage to two more medium-sized warehouses, five medium-sized buildings, one locomotive and 13 Jap planes. As an indication of how the Navy uses up the rockets, the report points out that LCIs sent several thousand rounds of rocket ammunition at shore installations in less than a minute in the invasion of Guam.

Rocket researchers now are spending time on overcoming the present disadvantages of rockets. It is recognized that though rockets have great firepower and mobility and can be fired without recoil, they still cannot be counted on for pinpoint accuracy, except when fired from high-speed planes, and as ground weapons they are chiefly useful as a barrage weapon. American ordnance experts have concentrated on correcting the present relative inaccuracy of fire. However, the experts haven't closed their eyes to the possibilities of new weapons and other fields of rocket warfare, such as the long-range German V-2 or the jet-propelled plane.

One of the advantages of rockets at present, the Army and Navy point out, is that compared with artillery they are much cheaper and easier to mass produce. The Army's 4.5-inch M8 rocket, for example, equals a 105-mm gun in firepower, but its launcher weighs only a tiny fraction of the 12 tons of the 105, and costs $104 compared with $8,406 for the 105. —YANK Washington Bureau

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CAMP NEWS

It's More Blessed To Give, etc.

Camp Wolters, Tex.—Let's call him Harry. He's training here to become a member of an anti-tank-gun crew, and his name isn't as important as the fact that he had the Christmas spirit.

Harry's worry was that he didn't have the money to buy his wife a Christmas present. To correct the situation, he participated in unmentionable games of chance in dark corners of unmentionable spots in Texas, but invariably he lost. His credit at the pawn shop in nearby Mineral Wells was exhausted. He was desperate.

Then one day at mail call he got a printed slip that sent him hurrying to the post office for a Christmas package from home. It was wrapped prettily and the marks of his wife's lips firmly imprinted on the seal touched him greatly. He finally forced himself to open the package. It was a carton of cigarettes—his favorite brand, Luckies.

To his rescue came the amazing Christmas sprite who solves all GI problems. This gremlin whispered into Harry's ear, and Harry leaped up and dashed to the PX. "Exchange these Luckies for a carton of Camels, and wrap it as a gift," he told the clerk. "My wife likes Camels."

—Cpl. HERBERT H. BRIN

Literal Minded Army

Stockton Field, Calif.—S/Sgt. Bert Rosenthal, former headquarters supply clerk, was doing all right here until he collaborated with a Stockton civilian, Oscar Kahn, on a Stockton Field song, "Let's Get Goin', Men." The song was introduced at the war orientation classes and two weeks later, after 3½ years at this field, Rosenthal was on his way to a new station in Texas.

"It looks as if I prompted my own shipping orders when I named the field song," said Rosenthal before he left.

Shot Heard Round the World

Camp Lee, Va.—Cpl. Earl McWhorter, a 27-year-old ex-farmer from Derby, Ohio, thinks he might have fired the first shot of the North African invasion.

McWhorter was down in the hold of a troopship off Algiers, awaiting H-Hour at 0100. Tension was high, and he and his buddies checked and rechecked their weapons, glancing every few seconds at their watches. The minute hand on his watch had just reached 0100 when McWhorter's pistol went off.

"It was an accident," he says. "I had yanked back the pistol slide to check it, and had unwittingly slid a bullet into the chamber. When I pulled the trigger, boom! The bullet hit the ceiling and ricocheted around the hold of the ship. Boy, it scared hell out of me and my buddies."

McWhorter's CO rushed down to the men. "What happened?" he demanded. When an explanation was given he grinned and said: "I guess you've fired the first shot of the invasion."

The shot, according to McWhorter, broke the tension. "After the first scare," he says, "the guys all laughed. A few minutes later we were heading for the shore."

Power of the Press

Finney General Hospital, Ga.—One night at the post theater, Pvt. Bill Fox, editor of the *Finney Findings*, slipped out his lower plate, the way women at the movies take their shoes off in the interests of complete relaxation. When the lights came on he couldn't find it. Next morning the following ad appeared in his paper:

> LOST, one lower denture. Finder please notify editor. *Finney Findings.*

Two hours later Fox got his teeth back.

GI Is Knife-and-Sandpaper Shipbuilder

Ardmore AAF, Okla.—Pvt. John W. Bartholomew, a shipbuilder on a small scale, has just completed a replica of the *USS North Carolina* to send home to his wife in Hollywood, Calif. An exact scale model, 20 inches long and four inches across, it is considered by Bartholomew to be his best work to date. He estimates he spent about 400 spare-time hours carving and assembling the 800-odd pieces of wood needed for making the miniature ship. The hull is of balsa and the superstructure of sheet pine.

Since coming to Ardmore a little more than a year ago, Bartholomew has turned out three other scale models—two of the *HMS Bounty* of Capt. Bligh fame, and one of the destroyer *Preston* of the first World War. During the 10 years he has been following his hobby, he has made at least 10 model ships, ranging from a square-rigger christened the *USS Republic* to a super-battleship. He uses only the tools of a model craftsman, which in wartime are limited to pocket knives, razor blades and sandpaper.

Model airplanes first interested Bartholomew, but he switched to boats while he was recovering from an appendectomy in the Santa Monica (Calif.) Hospital. In civilian life, he was a subassembly inspector for Douglas Aircraft. At Hollywood High School he majored in drafting and then studied mechanical engineering in Los Angeles City Junior College.

Shipbuilder Bartholemew and his model.

Decorated for Jungle Signal Construction

Camp Crowder, Mo.—Training Fiji Island natives to help build telephone lines across miles of mountainous area was one of the jobs that brought M/Sgt. Stanley F. Kresina the Legion of Merit. Kresina used as many as 80 Fijians at a time to supplement his 15-man crew in building a 130-mile line, part of which ran over a 3,000-foot mountain.

"The natives," said Kresina, "presented something new in labor-relations problems but they were problems that were easily solved. For instance, the village chieftains, looking out for their men, often would refuse to let us go through the villages unless we hired their men. As it happened, the manpower situation was such that we wanted to hire their men. So no troubles resulted from that. Those natives were hardened beyond belief. They'd pick up a 100-pound ball of wire and walk down a jungle trail with it, singing as though it were nothing at all."

The natives taught Kresina many little things about construction in the jungles. One was the value of *vi-vi* wood as a substitute for the mahogany usually used for telephone poles. *Vi-vi* wood, he learned, hardened in the sun so that when it was cut and put in a post hole it was as durable as concrete. "It was so hard we couldn't get our spurs into it," said Kresina, "but the natives could climb it with their bare feet. And if one of the signalmen needed to get to the top, the natives could fashion a ladder in two minutes from bamboo, tied with twigs."

They also showed Kresina how to get water by sinking a hollow bamboo pole into the ground or by cutting a section of *wai* vine, a spongy, water-logged plant. When their signal-construction chores were finished, most of these natives went into native combat units and performed effectively as scouts against the Japs.

While serving on Bougainville, Kresina joined other signalmen in fighting as an infantryman during Jap counterattacks, but it was his work as a signalman in organizing native labor that his superiors cited as the basis for the Legion of Merit award.

—Sgt. ARTHUR JOHNSEY

Col. C. H. Arnold awards medal to Kresina.

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TWO-COUNTRY MAN. T/Sgt. Donald Kirkton, Brooks Field, Tex., received an honorary lieutenancy from Paraguay for work on special mission.

GI PORTRAITS. The one on the right, of Winston Churchill, won its painter, Cpl. Edward M. Stallman of Long Beach, N. Y., first prize in a recent art competition at Camp Gruber, Okla. Cpl. Stallman is an art student whose studies were interrupted by the war. Roosevelt portrait is another example of Stallman's technique.

AROUND THE CAMPS

Drew Field, Fla.—Pfc. Thomas Colly of the supply room of Squadron A of the 327th AAF BU has a pet mongrel dog named Butch who goes right under the spray with him when he takes a shower. Butch has liked showers since the day he wandered into the showerroom with Colly by mistake. Now whenever Colly heads for the showers with his bath towel on his arm, Butch trots right along. —S/Sgt. CHARLES A. GREFE

Stark General Hospital, S. C.—T-5 Marvin J. Hershey has the distinction of operating the replacement system in reverse. Hershey was assigned to the Receiving and Evacuation Department here to replace Cpl. Helen E. Michlo, a Wac now serving Uncle Sam's forces in the Pacific.

Eglin Field, Fla.—M/Sgt. John A. Dolan of the Ordnance property office had to pull KP the other day, but he didn't feel he should complain. It was the first time in 25 years that he had drawn that detail. To quote the sarge: "The first four of my 29 years in the Army I pulled KP on the average of once a week, and I believe banked up enough time with pots and pans to last until now."

Camp Blanding, Fla.—The arrival of a flock of young recruits of 18 to 20 at the Infantry Replacement Center has resulted in an increased demand for "love stuff," according to Esther Cathy, the librarian at Service Club No. 2. One lad, according to Miss Cathy, hasn't discovered that he can take the books out and spends most of his free time in the library reading volumes on how to win girls and what makes a happy marriage.

Sheppard Field, Tex.—GIs in the shipping section here think they have seen everything in names. An incoming chaplain's assistant was found to be a Pvt. Vice. A man missing from a shipment because he didn't have a pair of shoes was named Barefoot. To top things off, the guard of a corpse being brought from overseas was named Posthumus.

USNAS, Ottumwa, Iowa—The Skyerettes, WAVES basketball team of this Naval Air Station, have branched into civilian competition. A challenge has been issued by the team to all girl's high-school teams within a 100-mile radius.

Fort Bragg, N. C.—Pvt. John W. Murray felt right at home when he arrived here. His home town is Fort Bragg, Calif.

CPL. KILLJOY GIVES AN ORDER

Fort Sill, Okla.—The lights went out in Service Club No. 6 during the Tuesday-night dance and before the last shriek of the girls had echoed through the place, a guard shouted, "Everyone out! There are no lights in here!"

With a flashlight and the help of many scattered matches, hostess Ramona Carl finally found the guard who had made that profound declaration.

"Who ordered everyone out?" asked Miss Carl. "I'm just using my head," answered the guard. "Boys and girls shouldn't be in the same building in the dark."

GI LOVE STORY

Fort Bragg, N. C.—When the platoon fell out, two men dropped their carbines in the battery street. The platoon sergeant spoke up promptly.

"Privates," he said, "you have just dropped your carbines in the dirt. That's a fine way to treat your best friend. A rifle is your best friend. Now get up here in front of the platoon and make love to your carbines and tell them that you're sorry. That's right, now give it a big kiss. Very good. Now hug it and tell it you won't do it again." —Cpl. ROY KAMMERMAN

EARLY START

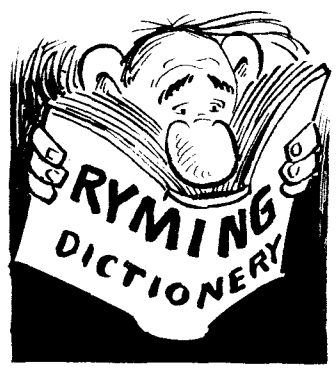
DeRidder AAB, La.—When Sgt. Bill Erney of the base PT staff applied for a pair of work gloves, the supply clerk said: "Your form 33 shows that you checked out a pair of gloves before."

Erney protested. The clerk showed him the form. He looked at it a moment, then exploded: "What the hell would I be doing with a pair of work gloves at a time like that?"

According to the record, Sgt. Erney had drawn a pair of gloves in 1914, which was seven years before he was born.

MAR. 1 IS THE DEADLINE

For Entering YANK's GI Parody Contest War Bond Prizes for 91 Lucky GIs!



YOU can still mail your entry in plenty of time to win one of the 91 big War Bond prizes offered for the best GI parodies on popular tunes.

Take any well-known song and make up your own words to the chorus. Be sure you keep the subject close to Army, Navy, Marine or other service life—anything from KP to tetanus shots.

This contest isn't for professionals. It's open only to enlisted men and women in uniform and all you have to do is follow the rules outlined below.

Prizes will be awarded as follows: First-prize parody, one $500 War Bond; five next-best parodies, one $100 War Bond each; next 10, one $50 War Bond each; next 25, one $25 War Bond each; next 50, one $10 War Bond each.

This Is a Parody on "I'LL GET BY"

I've got bites,
A million bites, on me.
Can't sleep a wink;
I look like hell.
Those bugs must think
I'm Grand Hotel.
On the screen
Each tropic scene I see
Has Dot Lamour
With pure allure
Where I've got bites on me.

These Are the Rules

1. Parodies must be mailed by Mar. 1, 1945.
2. Entries must be original parodies, suitable for reprinting, written by enlisted men or women of the U. S. Army, Navy, Coast Guard or Marine Corps. Do not send music; *send only parody and name of song parodied.*
3. Parodies must be based on complete choruses of well-known tunes only.
4. Individuals may send as many entries as they like. In case of duplicate parodies, only the first arrival will be accepted.
5. Parodies must have a service or war subject. All parodies will become the property of the U. S. Army. Entries will not be returned.
6. Judges will be enlisted personnel of YANK, The Army Weekly, and of Music Section, Special Service Division. Judges' decisions will be final.
7. Address all entries to Parody Contest Editor, YANK, The Army Weekly, 205 East 42d Street, New York 17, N. Y., U. S. A.
8. Winners will be announced in a May 1945 issue of YANK.
9. Include U. S. address to which you wish prize sent. BONDS WILL BE MADE OUT ONLY TO ADDRESSES WITHIN THE U. S. *IF YOU'RE OVERSEAS BE SURE* YOU INCLUDE HOME ADDRESS AND NAME OF PERSON IN CARE OF WHOM YOU WANT YOUR BOND SENT.
10. Violation of any of the above rules will eliminate entry.

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The Poets Cornered

AT ANZIO

I saw him die.
I saw the life blood ebb away.
The healthy cheeks a deathly pallor take,
And o'er those virile limbs
The final palsy spread:
I saw him die.

But hold! I see him live
In kindred spirits past, the young and clean,
In age-long battle with the form obscene
Of hate and fear and greed
And shackled man and fettered mind.
His victory is not far behind.
I see him live.

British Forces in Italy —Pte. FREDERICK DINSWOOD

SEA SHELLS

I walk along the shining windswept beach
And see the vaulted blueness of the sky,
The rippled dunes of sand, the stones and shells,
And hear the marching waves, the sea gull's cry.

We once walked here together hand in hand
With flying tangled hair and foam-clad feet,
Our pockets filled with shells, our throats with song;
The gods were good to us and life was sweet.

The long white waves still thunder on the shore
And on the wind above the same gulls glide.
The sky is still that singing blue. I turn
And half expect to find you at my side.

You walk with death across the land and sea
But you will hear the waves again with me.

Fort Monroe, Va. —Pvt. JANE MURRAY

ODE TO A TROUBLED FRIEND

My friend, I feel that you exaggerate
When you would have us think that perverse fate
Retains such interest in your rise and fall

For you are not the first nor yet the last
To sit in anguish on this bouncing ball
We call the earth, and curse the past
And equally condemn the future. You
Are unoriginal and sometimes trite.

You wear your troubles like a suit clothes.
Well tailored but perhaps a little loud,
Planned to attract the attention of the crowd.

Newfoundland —Pvt. LAURIAT LANE

THE SONGS OF ORPHEUS

V. The Brother Who Fought in Spain

This is France.
This is the war.
This is the three thousand miles away
From the ancient piano playing down in the parlor
And the naked bulb burning against
The flowered wallpaper upstairs;
From the sad Negro in the lobby
Of the little hotel on D Street,
Reading a detective magazine;
From the gunfire late at night
And the corpses in the gutter the next day,
The crowd watching;
From the rasp-voiced drunks sitting at the corner table
Waiting for somebody to start a fight;
From the beer spilling on the bar
Staining the sleeve of your coat;
From the two big truck drivers going outside
"To settle it";
From the painted women with twitching lips
And the dead-panned small-timers
With ice picks in their pockets;
From all the brawling, harsh and rich-blooded chaos
That is the sizzling-breathed, deep-throated smoke-filled
Back room of America.

He was one of the first to see
The snub-winged Heinkel-112
Come racing over the mountains
To spray a shower of all-seeing lead
Over the little company of infantrymen
Lying in the ditches outside the town
They were to take.
This was in Spain in the thirties,
When Berlin sent to beaming Franco
A few new war toys to play with.

(I will never forget this
Saint-eyed warrior's tales.)

They kept him locked up
In the cellar of a brothel
Somewhere near the border of Portugal,
Chained to a wall for almost a year,
Dieting on wads of wet bread that so swarmed with little crawling things
That his stomach became a heaving mush
And now he digests only tea and wine.
"*Garcon, une* bottle more, *s'il vous plait!*"

They dropped him one night
Into the hold of a freighter bound for Cyprus
And wished him *bon voyage*.
But he was there in Vienna
Fighting them again,
And he was one of the many
Who stood weeping under the loudspeakers
The night Kurt von Schuschnigg told the world
That Austria had died.

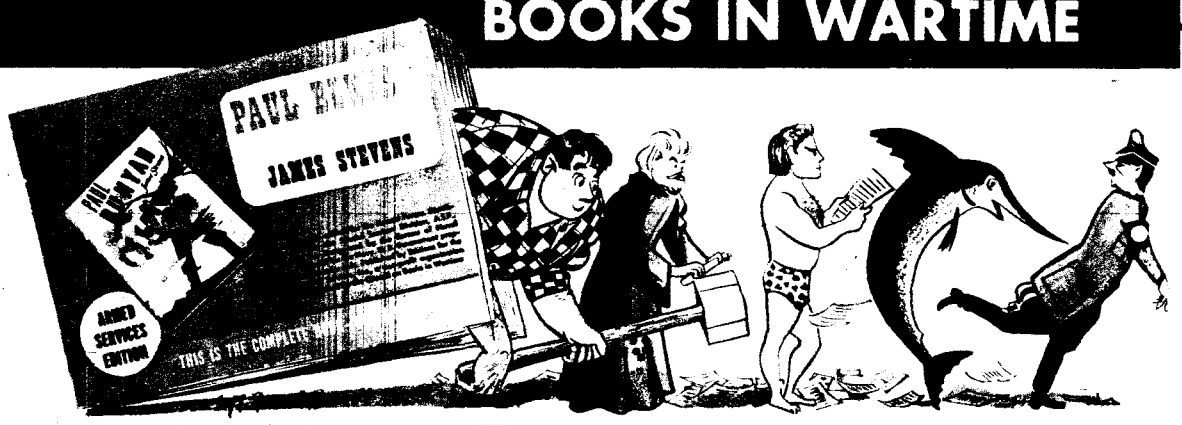
And he was in Paris
Still trying to fight
When Hitler strolled under Napoleon's arch
And smiled.

When I asked him how he felt now
(This saint-eyed scholar of war),
Moving east again with the Americans,
He would not speak.
He sniffed his bitter wine
And, I suppose, thought of
Those little planes gliding over the Pyrenees,
Dropping fire on his ragged army
Fighting in the shadows.

France —Cpl. JOHN M. BEHM

"The Brother Who Fought in Spain" is the last in a series of five poems by Cpl. Behm.

BOOKS IN WARTIME



THESE are the 32 titles in the 13th or "M" series of the Armed Services Editions, the pocket-sized paper-bound books published monthly by the Council on Books in Wartime. There are 107,000 copies of each title in the series, an increase of 2,000 per title over the preceding series. The Army will receive 85,000 copies of each title, the Navy 20,000 and Americans who are prisoners of war 2,000. The books are distributed by the Special Service Division, ASF, for the Army and by the Bureau of Navy Personnel for the Navy.

M-1 SELECTED POEMS *By A. E. Housman*
Simple, precise verse by a great contemporary.

M-2 IS SEX NECESSARY? *By James Thurber and E. B. White*
Humorous, highly readable satire on psychological and sociological discussions of sex.

M-3 SELECTED SHORT STORIES OF SAKI *By H. H. Munro*
Some of the best short stories of a neglected master of narrative and humor.

M-4 20,000 LEAGUES UNDER THE SEA or DAVID COPPERFIELD *By Robert Benchley*
One of the best selections of Benchley's humor.

M-5 PERE MARQUETTE *By Agnes Repplier*
The story of the famous French missionary priest who explored the Mississippi.

M-6 COPPER STREAK TRAIL *By Eugene M. Rhodes*
"Some very fast shooting and even quicker thinking," it says here.

M-7 DUNE BOY *By Edwin Way Teale*
The natural history of a boy.

M-8 PAUL BUNYAN *By James Stevens*
A novel woven out of the old Bunyan whoppers.

M-9 SCIENCE YEARBOOK of 1944 *Edited by John D. Ratcliff*
Articles on the year's scientific developments.

M-10 THE CHICKEN-WAGON FAMILY *By Barry Benefield*
A family of Louisiana pioneers hits the trail for New York.

M-11 THE BIG ONES GET AWAY *By Philip Wylie*
Fishing as seen by two fishermen's guides.

M-12 OLD McDONALD HAD A FARM *By Angus McDonald*
How Father made a good farm from a bad one.

M-13 ACTION BY NIGHT *By Ernest Haycox*
The wild and woolly West in the 1870s.

M-14 THE BORDER KID *By Max Brand*
More cowpunchers a-ridin' and a-shootin'.

M-15 FIGHTING MEN OF THE WEST *By Dane Coolidge*
Biographical sketches of cow-country heroes.

M-16 TARZAN OF THE APES *By Edgar Rice Burroughs*
The original epic, showing the ape-man as he was before he signed up with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

M-17 THE BOOMER *By Harry Bedwell*
Novel about a character named Eddie Sands, a real railroading man.

M-18 SUCH INTERESTING PEOPLE *By Robert J. Casey*
About all the varieties of screwball reporters.

M-19 CALL HER ROSIE *By Eva Bruce*
The heroine has frizzy hair and an old red sweater.

M-20 LARRISH HUNDRED *By A. R. Beverley-Giddings*
Novel about the Tidewater country of Virginia.

M-21 COUNTRY EDITOR *By Henry Beetle Hough*
Yankee editor's story of his work and neighbors.

M-22 WITH A DUTCH ACCENT *By David Cornel DeJong*
How a Dutch boy became an American man.

M-23 FOUR MODERN PLAYS
"Watch on the Rhine," "The Patriots," "Junior Miss" and "The Male Animal."

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The most interesting letters of all time.

M-25 INDIGO *By Christine Weston*
A novel of India from the 1890s to the end of the first World War.

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A good biography of the Prince of Humbugs.

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Life on the great plantations of Virginia and Kentucky from 1816 to 1875.

M-28 NEW STORIES FOR MEN *Edited by Capt. Charles Grayson*
Stories of war, sport, humor and adventure.

M-29 THE MOONSTONE *By Wilkie Collins*
A mystery classic that is still good reading.

M-30 DER FUEHRER *By Konrad Heiden*
A magnificent story of Hitler's rise to power.

M-31 STARS ON THE SEA *By F. van Wyck Mason*
The early years of the U. S. Navy.

M-32 WHILE STILL WE LIVE *By Helen MacInnes*
Novel about an English girl in Nazi-held Warsaw.

THE little Durbin girl was christened Edna Mae when she was born in Winnipeg, Canada, 22 years ago. Her family moved to Los Angeles, she studied voice, was discovered by Hollywood and changed her name to Deanna. You've seen and heard the rest of her cinema history. Her latest is Universal's Technicolor "Can't Help Singing."

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The Soldier Speaks

Telephone. Personnel sergeant major's office; Cpl. Higley, assistant to the chief clerk speaking, sir. To whom did you wish to speak, sir? Whom? Oh, he's not in right at the moment; no, sir. Yes, sir? Well, I'm not sure. It's a little out of the ordinary if I may say so, sir. However, I've been known to do a favor here and there, even when it means taking chances. Built a sort of reputation. Of course I don't want to promise right out, sir. Maybe off the record. If the major should come in, whom shall I say called?

Who? Look, fellow, where in God's name do you think you are? You could get in plenty trouble calling up asking for something like that. Blow it out my what? Look, you're talking to a corporal, not to a goddam private. Maybe you'd like to pull KP for a week. How would you go for that? One word to the right person, and you'll be on pots and pans. Don't go calling up this office for stuff like that, get it? We got work to do. You're damn right, doc. Remember what I said.

Post Bowling League. What do you mean, I should have shot for one? Shooting for one when I might have made the split? Is that fighting spirit? Sure, nine pins is better than eight, but a spare is better than nine, too, isn't it? I've made those splits right and left just fooling around. The alley is a little slick tonight; I haven't got used to it. Pretty soon I'll be knocking off those shots right and left, unless you want me to try for nine every time. It won't matter much, just bring down my average and maybe cost the team a game or maybe a series. Imagine in combat, a guy has a chance to get two and he settles for one. Whatever you say.

Rug Fan. Oh, will you listen to that band! That is but solid, but root in the message. To play a piano like that! And catch that oboe, will you? For a recording of the piece they're playing! Turn it up a little, hey? Maybe while you're standing you can tune it in clearer. And reach me one of those cigarettes, hey? Not your last one, is it? Never take a man's last cigarette. That's a socko radio you've got there. A marvel. What are you planning for tomorrow night, friend? I'm on CQ. If you're going to a show, it wouldn't hurt if I took it into the orderly room, I guess. It's a super piece of box. Man, man, dig yourself into that trumpet. Certainly hate to see you turn it off.

Bar Flying. Look at the collar, Jack. No brass up there, is there? Nothing on the sleeves, either. A private, that's me. A lousy yardbird, but let me tell you something. You see those cadets over there? Glamor boys. Cream of the crop. You, too —you know. Answer the call! Sure as hell. I was one of those boys. Got the surge of patriotism and enlisted. Perfect shape, see? I wanted wings. I'd have got them, too, only this is what happened. Sure, give me a refill. Don't worry about me. All day and all night, and I can't get drunk if I want to.

Well, I was about 5,000 feet up, see? Good record, good flyer. Then it happened. This filthy bee, what it was doing up there I don't know. Must have been in the plane when I took off. The son of a bitch stung me. Kidding? Hell, no, I'm not kidding. The filthy thing stung me, and I like to went nuts up there. For a bee. A son of a bee. How about that? Not bad. Son of a bee. Sure as hell. And me a private. Fill it up, Jack.

Greenwood AAF, Miss. —Sgt. ROBERT W. CAHOON

You Think That's Bad?

I USED to think that northern Iran was the hellhole of the universe, an impression I gained from an article in YANK. The moment my troubles began I was reading aloud that "the temperature in the desert of northern Iran reaches 130 degrees" when a piping adolescent voice broke in: "You think that's bad? Why, when I was at Sheppard Field, the thermometer once hit 134."

That was my startling introduction to the Army's new 60-day wonder, the 18-year-old who has just finished his basic training at a certain field in Texas and can't seem to forget about it.

From that moment on, all joy disappeared from my life. No longer had I the simple pleasure of uttering a gripe to all present and seeing their heads nod in indignation or sympathy. No sooner did I complain than a shrill voice would interpose: "You think that's bad? Why, when I was at Sheppard Field——" And the attention of my listeners would be drawn to a tale of horror in Texas beside which my bitching was trivial.

I could never again step into the shower and bitch about the cold water, for when I did, the whole barracks was horrified with a tale of human flesh immersed in freezing water on Sheppard Field and I looked like a pygmy, petty squawker. I even lost that cherished and treasured delight, the privilege of griping when lamb was served for chow. And it went the way of every other complaint that I possessed.

One day, I sat down at the table and, sniffing a familiar pungent odor, bellowed as was my custom: "I'm sick and tired of this stuff. When are they gonna stop feeding it to us?" All of a sudden from the other side of the table, sounded a familiar voice: "You think this is bad? Why, when I was at Sheppard Field, they served us goat meat for chow." The mess hall babble abruptly ceased as mouths opened wide in astonishment and shock. The hush was broken here and there by knives or forks dropping from unnerved hands. I managed to slip silently away, with my head drooping in shame and humiliation.

It even affected my sleep. One night I dreamed that a group of soldiers were about to desert at Valley Forge. At the very last moment, they were stopped by a private who arose and told the mutineers that Valley Forge was a vacation resort compared with Sheppard Field. I awoke in a cold sweat.

The climax was my dream in which the Rough Riders were assembled for a final word from their colonel before storming the flame-swept slopes of San Juan Hill. His only words were: "Men, should you fail to obtain your objective, I can promise you that the outfit will be transferred to Sheppard Field." I awoke at that, willing to bet they had captured the hill.

But finally my burden has been lifted by a fortunate event. A 50-mission veteran of the Eighth Air Force was recounting his adventures to the boys. He had reached the point where "a 20-mm shell came through the open bomb bay, missed me by an eighth of an inch and started to bounce around inside the plane" when a voice broke in: "You think that's bad? Why, when I was at Sheppard Field——" Here it ended in a gurgle as fingers pressed on a windpipe.

Now that he's gone, I miss him. I find myself wondering. What did happen at Sheppard Field on that last, perhaps greatest, occasion?

Lowry Field, Colo. —Pvt. ARTHUR ADLER

PX

Contributions for this page should be addressed to the Post Exchange, YANK, The Army Weekly, 205 East 42d Street, New York 17, N. Y.

SHIRTS

For the Fastidious Male

Profusely illustrated below by our own artist, Salvage-Drive Charley, are two of our most persnickety models, especially tailored in our own shops, on our own machines, with our own power, by our own craftsmen, with the taxpayers' money. Clever, we are.

A. THE "CASUALIER"

For the casual, comfortable life, the "Casualier" combines practicality and economy with the following features:

ARM-PIT POCKETS. Convenient for keeping cigarettes moist or incubating eggs.

THE NEVER-WEAR COLLAR. Remember our slogan: "Your neck will never touch it."

B. THE "STIFLER"

There is solid companionship in the shirt. It will follow you around closer than a three-day hang-over. Should be worn only under the close guidance of a competent physician.

For Shirts That Try, It's

ARMY SUPPLY

ASFTC, Jackson, Miss. —T-5 CHARLES LUCHSINGER

SUNDAY MORNING IN ALABAMA

The narrow white-sand road lures me on
Downhill through open fields of waving grasses,
Waist high,
And comes to an abrupt ending at the forest's edge.
No space for road,
No tempting path to follow;
Only a giant water oak,
An ancient bearded prophet,
Swathed in Spanish moss
Waves an eerie greeting;
The musical notes of water
Slipping over a rocky ledge
Green with velvet moss,
While down below
Dead brown leaves float aimlessly
In the quiet pool.

The cushioned comfort of leaf mould underfoot
Makes the ascent of the hill ahead
A silent one.
The glossy green-leather leaves of magnolia,
Evenly spaced like dummy trees in store windows,
Reflect the sun like a rajah's emeralds.
The lacy fingers of the sweet gum
Pierce the blue,
Framing a spot of open sky
Where a turkey buzzard dips and circles in effortless ease.
In the dappled brush across the creek a blue jay flashes.
A shaft of filtered sunlight breaks suddenly
Through the ever-present needled pines
As through a cathedral window.
Nature reigns supreme.

Suddenly and without warning
The far-off sound of guns is heard.
A faint humming like a thousand bees in flight
Swells into a crescendo
And overhead a giant man-made bird skims the treetops,
Its body and wings like beaten silver.
The arrival and departure are simultaneous.
In its roaring wake
Every bird in every tree
Cries in protest.

Once more this corner of paradise
Returns to its Sabbath stillness,
I turn and slowly make my way to the white-sand road
Which leads to a green-roofed white frame barracks,
My present home.

Camp Shelby, Miss. —Pvt. GENE WIERBACH

PLEA TO A PX BARBER

Barber, barber, hold those shears;
Life is short and fleeting.
Save your brawn for later years;
Spare my scalp a beating.

Clip gently up and down my neck;
Forget those gooey lotions;
Don't leave my head a total wreck.
Cease your sales promotions.

I came to you in fettle fine
With outlook bright and rosy;
I leave you like some Frankenstein
Or, even worse, Lugosi.

Barber, heed my plaintive song,
It's such a simple task:
A decent, smooth and not-too-long
Haircut is all I ask.

Sioux Falls AAF, S. Dak. —Pfc. LESLIE E. WALLER

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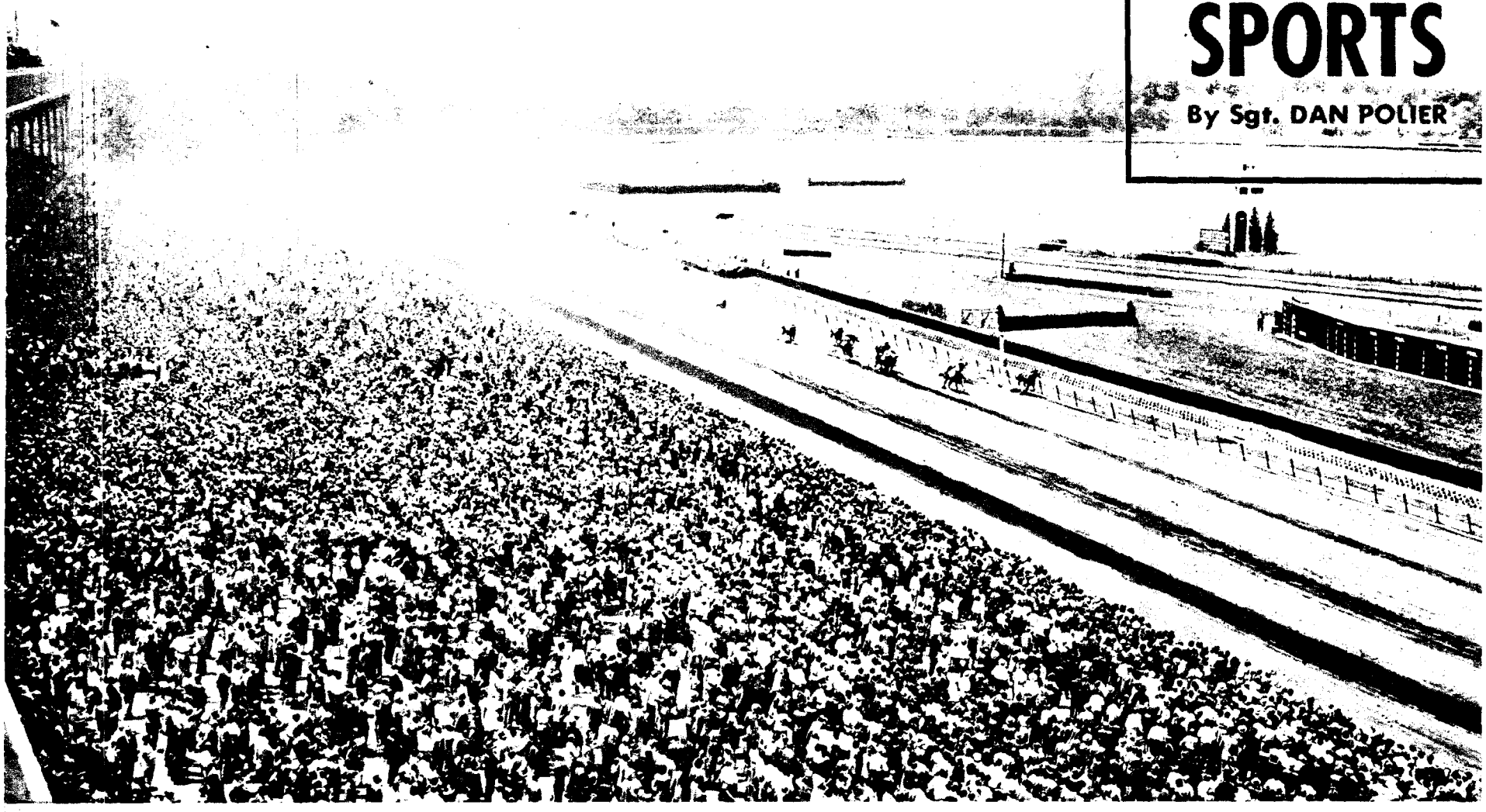
Horse racing had a colossal season before the Government cracked down. This is Belmont Park, N. Y.



SPORTS

By Sgt. DAN POLIER

The 4-F Athlete Takes Another Physical

At the invitation of Mr. James F. Byrnes, War Mobilization Director, the induction medical authorities are getting a closer look at some of the nation's most famous trick knees, busted eardrums and bad backs. Mr. Byrnes, who knows a gifted muscle when he sees one, said he had never been able to understand how an athlete could be unacceptable to the armed forces and still be able to compete in games that place such a high premium on physical fitness. He requested that these 4-Fers be recalled and re-examined.

To prove he wasn't picking on anyone in particular, Mr. Byrnes also cracked down on the race horse, the race track and everything connected with a $2 mutuel ticket. He ordered all the horse parks to close down and told the jockeys, ticket sellers, bookies and bettors to get into some sort of war work and relieve the manpower shortage. This fade-out of the photo finish came without warning, but there was real cause: in alarming numbers war workers had been deserting their machines to watch the horses run.

It would take a pure Nostradamus to tell you what the future now holds for wartime sports. Mr. Byrnes' crack-down on racing was a stunning blow to sports but not a fatal one. It was the Byrnes riot act against the two-legged athlete that sounded something akin to a death knell. If, as Mr. Byrnes proposes, all the 4-F operatives are whisked away, it might prove bad all around.

Let us run briefly over the line-up and see how each sport would be affected:

Baseball will try to operate regardless of what happens or what's left. It could lose its 4-Fs and still not be completely licked. Club owners will press into service infant prodigies, Latin-American athletes, over-age men or anything that remotely resembles a ball player. They found out last year that you don't have to give the customers major-league baseball to pack the stands.

Pro Football, which depends entirely on 4-Fers and discharged servicemen, probably will be the first professional sport to throw in the sponge. There was hardly enough talent to go around last year.

College Football will be able to survive since it can draw on 17-year-olds and Navy trainees. College basketball, likewise, will prosper under the same conditions.

Golf undoubtedly will lose heavily under the Byrnes edict. Most of its top-drawer professionals are 4-Fers and their loss would bring the winter tour to a sudden end. There aren't enough good over-age golfers to keep the interest alive.

Boxing should seize this opportunity to get rid of its 4-Fers. For the most part they were a poor lot. Solid youngsters like 17-year-old Billy Arnold will be refreshing and a sign of things to come.

Hockey will be virtually untouched by the Byrnes order. Most of the players are Canadians, subject to Canadian draft rules.

Track capital of the world has been moved to Sweden to accommodate Arne Andersson and Gunder Haegg, so it doesn't matter who runs in the U. S. or why.

Tennis has nothing to fear. It already operates on a part-time basis with GI talent.

Mr. Byrnes, it seems, has taken a dead aim on sports, and it will be interesting to see what happens. Sports had a hell of a scare right after Pearl Harbor, but bounced back. Just like those 4-Fs Mr. Byrnes wants to re-examine.

SPORTS SERVICE RECORD

The touring baseball stars, **Mel Ott, Frankie Frisch, Dutch Leonard** and **Bucky Walters** were entertaining First Army GIs in Belgium when the great German counteroffensive started. . . . Writing from Greenland, **Cpl. Hank Soar,** the ex-pro football Giant, told coach Steve Owen: "I knew we could beat Washington because all we have to do with them is walk out on the field against them and they're licked." . . . **Capt. Hank Greenberg,** recently returned from China, will ship out again to another theater. . . . **Lt. Col. Tom Riggs,** captain of the 1940 Illinois football team, delayed the German armored drive into St. Vith, Belgium, by setting up a roadblock outside of town and then hitting the foe with all the firepower he could muster from 10 antitank guns. . . . **Lt. (jg) Joe Beggs,** late of the Cincinnati Reds, is commanding a gun crew aboard a merchant ship. . . . **Jimmy Wilson's** son, Lt. Tom Wilson, is reported missing after a B-29 raid over Tokyo. . . . **Capt. Benny Sheridan,** one-time Notre Dame backfield star, is now commanding a cavalry outfit at Camp Gordon, Ga. . . . In addition to his regular duties, **Capt. Frank Shields,** former top-ranking U. S. tennis ace, has played more than 40 exhibitions in Britain. . . . During his recent tour of Italy, **Cpl. Billy Conn** rescued a pilot from a burning plane. . . . **S/Sgt. Joe DiMaggio** wants to get it straight once and for all: he hasn't asked for a CDD and has no intentions of asking for one. . . . **Lt. Col. Marshall Wayne,** 1936 Olympic high-diving champ, returns to Berlin every so often heading a group B-17s. . . . *Killed in action:* **Capt. Joe Routt,** Texas A & M's All-American guard of 1936-37, in the ETO where he was commander of an infantry company; **Sgt. James Hitt,** former Cleveland Ram end, in Germany with the infantry; **Lt. Dick Good,** quarterback on the 1939-40 Illinois teams, in the ETO. . . . *Wounded in action:* **Simon (Si) Rosenthal,** Boston Red Sox outfielder in 1925 and 1926, in the ETO when his ship blew up. . . . *Discharged:* **Sgt. Jimmy Wallace,** former Boston Braves pitcher, from the Army with a CDD.

FRENCH TRIM. Pfc. Howie Krist, former St. Louis Cardinal pitcher, gets a haircut somewhere in France, where he's serving with the Infantry. Krist pitched in the 1939 Series.

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—Pfc. Anthony Delatri

"OH, WE RAN INTO SOME OPPOSITION."

—Pvt. Thomas Flannery

YANK

THE ARMY WEEKLY

—Pfc. Joseph Kramer

"I'M JUST NOT HAPPY HERE."

—Pfc. Frank Dorsay

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